THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCI.—No. 1188]
SEPTEMBER 22, 1926
[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

"THE MIKADO," OLD AND NEW: By MACMICHAEL

The BYSTANDER

'Soothing as an Old Time Melody'

Spinet

LARGE OVAL CORK TIPPED

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

20 *for* 1/6 50 for 3/9 100 for 7/6

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Special Cuvée

ESTABLISHED 1857.

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It fell to earth, I know not where;
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Long, long afterward, in an oak
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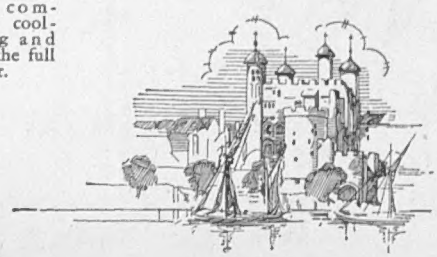

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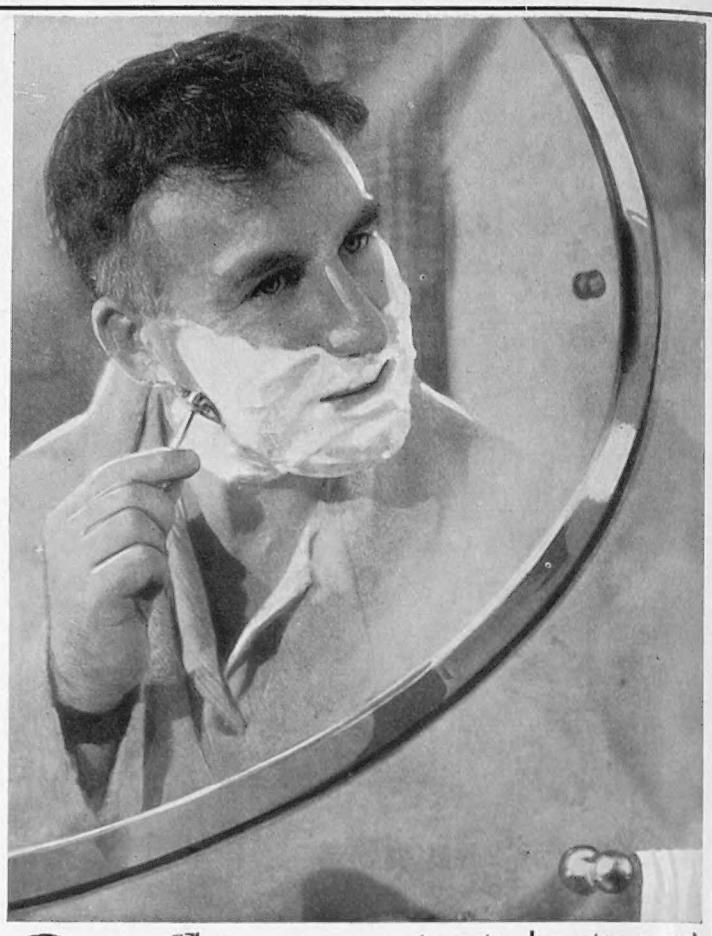

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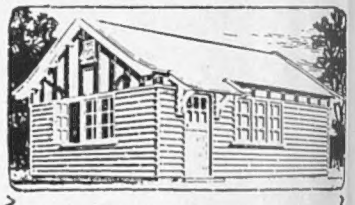

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AMONG the manifold treatments conducted at the Phyllis Earle Salons none find higher expression than facial massage. The proficiency of the Phyllis Earle experts is recognised, and the close attention to detail which obtains at these Salons is all important. For example, all the towels used are cleansed at the private laundry and dried in the open air, the lighting arrangements ensure the absence of artificial illumination and there is a telephone in every salon for the convenience of the patron. Every amenity conducive to absolute efficiency has been incorporated.

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Of the many other services rendered to discriminating womanhood we commend the following :—

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Kemolite Radio-Active Mud Pack restores a condition of glowing health to devitalised skin. It is particularly recommended for cleansing the skin and restoring smoothness of texture. The Treatment, **12/6** With Massage, **15/-**

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Electrolysis effectively removes superfluous hair. The Phyllis Earle method is painless and leaves the skin perfectly clear and soft to the touch. Its results are permanent. The Treatment, **10/6**

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CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel.
Hotel de Londres.
Terminus Palace Hotel.

Blankenberghe.—
Hotel Excelsior Bellevue.

Brussels.—Hotel Astoria.
Palace Hotel.

Coq-sur-Mer.—Grand Hotel.

Ostend.—Hotel Royal Phare.

Le Zoute.—Golf Hotel.
Roberts Hotel and Restaurant.

Wenduyne.—Hotel Bellevue.

FRANCE.

Aix les Bains (Savoie).—Hotel Bristol.

Antibes (A.M.).—Hotel du Cap.

Arles (B. du R.).—Hotel Nord Planus. (Remains Roman Forum.)

Avignon.—Hotel de l'Europe.

Biarritz.—Hotel Continental.
Grand Hotel et Bellevue Palace.

Boulogne.—Hotel Christol-Bristol.
Hotel Meurice.

Brides les Bains (Savoie).—
Hotels Thermes, Grand & Royal.

Cabourg (Calvados).—Grand Hotel.

Cannes (A.M.).—Hotel des Anglais.

Dinard (Ille et V.).—Grand Hotel.
Grand Hotel des Terrasses.
Hotel Royal.
Pension Mavourneen.

Evian les Bains.—L'Ermitage d'Evian.

Juan les Pins (A.M.).—Grand Hotel.

La Baule (Loire Inf.).—
Hotel de la Plage et du Golf.
Hotels Royal et Splendide.
Pension Riviera.

La Bauche les Bains (Savoie).—
Chateau de la Bauche.

Le Touquet—Paris Plage.—Golf Hotel.
Hotel des Anglais.
Hotel Hermitage
Hotel Atlantic.

Lyons (Rhone).—Carlton Hotel.

Marseilles.—Splendid Hotel.
Hotel de Geneve.
Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix

Monte Carlo (Monaco).—
Hotel Terminus

Megeve (Hte. Savoie).—
Hotel du Mont d'Arbois.

Nantes (Loire Inf.).—Central Hotel.

Paris.—Grand Hotel, 12 Boulevard des Capucines.
Hotel Brighton, 218 Rue de Rivoli.
Hotel Bristol, 112 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré (8e).
Hotel Campbell, 47 Ave. Friedland (8e).
Hotel Chatham, 19 Rue Daunou.
Hotel Lincoln, 24 Rue Bayard.
Hotel Lutetia, 43 Boulevard Raspail.
Hotel Metropolitan, 8 Rue Cambon (1).
Hotel Meurice, 228 Rue de Rivoli.
Hotel Oxford & Cambridge, 13 Rue d'Alger (1e).
Hotel St. Petersburg, 33/5 Rue Caumartin (nr. Opera).
Hotel Savoy, 194bis Rue de Rivoli.
Hotel Wagram, 208 Rue de Rivoli.

Paramé (Ille et V.).—Grand Hotel.

Pourville-sur-Mer (Seine Inf.).—Hotel Albion

Saint-Lunaire (Ille et V.).—Grand Hotel

St. Jean de Luz (B.P.).—Golf Hotel.

Trouville (Calvados).—Hotel Belle Vue.
Hotel Roches-Noires.

Versailles.—Trianon Palace Hotel.

Vichy (Allier).—Thermal Palace.
Pavillon Sevigne Hotel.
Hotel Carlton.
Hotel Radio.
Hotel du Parc & Majestic.

Wimereux (P. de C.).—Splendid Hotel

ITALY.

Rapallo.—Grand Hotel Excelsior & New Casino.

Rome.—Hotel Bristol, Piazza Barberini.
Hotel Victoria, Via Sardegna.
Palace Hotel, Via Vittorio Veneto

SPAIN.

St. Sebastian.—Continental Palace Hotel

SWITZERLAND.

Beatenberg.—Grand Hotel Victoria

Chateau D'Oex.—
Grand Hotel & Hotel Berthod.

Geneva.—Grand Hotel de la Paix.

Gstaad (M.O.B.). Royal Hotel & Winter Palace.

Kandersteg.—The Grand Hotel

Lausanne.—
Lausanne Palace Beausite Hotel

Lugano.—Hotel Metropole-Monopole.

Montreux.—Eden Grand Hotel.

Montreux-Territet.—The Grand Hotel

Ouchy-Lausanne.—Beau Rivage Palace Hotel.
Hotel du Chateau. (New Management.
Parc Hotel.

St. Moritz.—Carlton Hotel.

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511. 512.

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HANDSOME TEA GOWN *(as sketch)* in rich quality broché velvet, in artistic designs and colours, the straight back falling in train, long stole ends of georgette gauged on shoulders and finished with good quality fur, belt at waist of own material.

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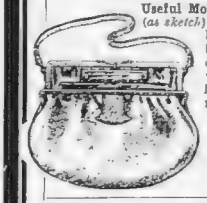
In Panne velvet, trimmed Lynx dyed Hare .. .. **18½ Gns.**



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The Bystander, September 22, 1926 No. 1188. Vol. XCI.

The BYSTANDER

BY WILTON WILLIAMS

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CFH

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

L.N.A.

HOME AGAIN

The Prime Minister photographed with Mr. W. C. Bridgeman at Victoria Station on his return from Aix-les-Bains. His health benefited greatly by his Continental holiday

Special Press

AN OCCASION OF STATE

Lord Irwin, the Viceroy of India, and Lady Irwin arriving at the Council Chamber at Simla. The occasion was the opening by the Viceroy of the Legislative Assembly and Council of State Sessions

The Court

TOWARDS the end of September a distinctly wintry chill begins to creep into the bracing air of Deeside, and it is for this reason that the King and Queen never remain at Balmoral after the first week in October.

This year the weather has been exceptionally kind for the Royal holiday, and has not interfered with the King's shooting.

Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles's visit caused considerable excitement amongst the Balmoral folk, as it was the first time the Princess had been there since her marriage.

State functions rarely take place in the early autumn, but this year there is to be a State banquet at Buckingham Palace for the Colonial Premiers, some of whom, I believe, are already on their way.

Central Press

A ROYAL VISITOR

The Infante Don Jaime, second son of the King of Spain, photographed when out walking with a companion recently. He is paying one of his periodical visits to London

A Handsome Jointure

LAST week the Duke and Duchess of York paid a visit to Lord and Lady Doune at Donibristle Park, a pleasant house on the shores of the Firth of Forth belonging to Lord Doune's father, the Earl of Moray. The earldom has a curious history. It dates from the latter end of the fourteenth century, and after falling to the Scottish crown was granted to the illegitimate sons of two succeeding Scottish kings, James IV and James V. The second grant was made by Mary Queen of Scots to her "natural" brother, who became Regent when she abdicated in favour of her son.

The present Lord Moray is the seventeenth holder of the title, and succeeded his brother, who likewise had succeeded a brother. Oddly enough, the same thing happened in the succession in the last century, except that then four Earls of Moray were brothers instead of three.

Lord Moray's elder brother, the fifteenth Earl, left his widow a big income—something like £12,000 a year if I recollect rightly—on condition that she lived for ten months of the year in Scotland. The proviso and the amount of the income were both unusual, but Lady Moray fulfilled the condition to the letter, dividing her time between a big house in Edinburgh and Tarbat House on Cromartie Firth, the latter of which she rented from the Countess of Cromartie. Her husband's wish was that Scotland should benefit by the expenditure of Moray money, and so far as his widow was concerned it certainly did, for during the fourteen years she survived him her houses in Edinburgh and Tarbat were centres of unceasing hospitality, and many charities lost a most generous supporter when she died in the second year of the War

Lord Doune, the heir to the Earldom, was in the Royal Air Force and was awarded the M.C. during the War for bringing down a Fokker in a single-handed fight. Two years ago he married the daughter of Mr. Archibald Murray, of New York. Besides Donibristle, Lord Moray has three other houses in Scotland.

Topical

THE HON. MRS. REGINALD HEYWORTH and CAPTAIN HEYWORTH

The Fitzwilliam Packs

EARL FITZWILLIAM is already Master of two packs, Earl Fitzwilliam's (The Grove), and Earl Fitzwilliam's (Wentworth). To these he is now going to add the joint-mastership of the Fitzwilliam (Milton), hitherto under the Marquis of Exeter and Lord Fitzwilliam's cousin, Mr. G. C. Wentworth-Fitzwilliam. Lord Exeter has resigned, and the pack will be run by the two cousins.

Lord Fitzwilliam is a standing refutation of the cheap gibe about the idle rich. When he succeeded his grandfather twenty-four years ago he inherited great wealth, and this he has increased substantially by his business capacity. Amongst other things he has been a motor car manufacturer, and some little time ago sold his works near Sheffield for a million pounds. He has served with distinction as a soldier, spent seven years in Parliament, has been Lord Mayor of Sheffield, and is a practical engineer.

Wentworth Woodhouse, Lord Fitzwilliam's house in Yorkshire, is one of the biggest, if not the biggest, private residences in the country. It has a superb portico and a frontage of six hundred feet. Riches as great as those of Aladdin's cave have lain beneath the Fitzwilliam properties in the form of valuable coal seams, and Wentworth Woodhouse itself is surrounded by pits. Some idea of the value of the property can be gauged from the fact that when Lord Fitzwilliam succeeded, the death duties amounted to about half a million.

The great house is a trap to new visitors. A friend of mine staying there for the first time lost her way going down to dinner on the night of her arrival. After wandering through endless corridors, in despair she finally went into an empty bedroom and rang the bell. When a servant appeared she asked to be shown the way, and found her host and hostess and the other guests had been waiting for her for a quarter of an hour, so huge is the house and so many wrong passages had she taken.

Ancient Hospitality

UNTIL about the middle of last century a curious custom was observed once a week at Wentworth Woodhouse. This was known as the "Public Day," and on that day anybody could dine there without an invitation. Dinner took place at six o'clock in the State dining-room, where a hundred and twenty people can be seated comfortably. Guests, however, were only supposed to attend a "Public Day" once a year, and the rule was that they should give notice of their coming. People used to go from all over Yorkshire, thinking nothing of driving even thirty miles.

UP IN AYR

Some of those who helped to swell the ranks at the Ayr Western Meeting last week

Topical

MRS. EVAN WALLACE (left) and THE HON. MRS. LIONEL TENNYSON

The Hunting Season

FOOT-AND-MOUTH disease is the only shadow over hunting prospects for the coming season, otherwise there is every promise of a record year. In fact, in the Melton Mowbray region they say there have never been so many horses. Foxes, too, promise to be plentiful in most districts.

The Prince of Wales and Prince Henry will both hunt from Melton Mowbray, the Prince, as usual, staying at Craven Lodge Club. Prince Henry has got fourteen hunters, for which stabling is now being put up just outside the town. Hunting-boxes seem to be letting well, and amongst the incoming tenants are the Duchess of Westminster, Lady Ravensdale, and Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill, the Duke of Marlborough's younger son.

Lord Ivor, by the way, has an interest in the Trust which controls the Embassy Club—a most profitable investment, since it pays its shareholders something like 250 per cent.

Coal v. Oil

THE majority of people, I think, are only just now beginning to realise the effect of the coal strike upon things domestic. Gas cookers and water-heaters, especially in London, make coal during the spring

Sport and Gener

LADY HAMILTON OF DALZELL and MISS MILLER MUNDAY

Sport and General

THE HON. MRS. HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD and CAPTAIN A. O. J. HOPE, M.P

A RACING OCCASION

A quartette of photographs from the recent race meeting which drew a large crowd to the course at Warwick

Alfieri

LADY MARY KIRK and MRS. DANIELS

Topical

LADY CHESHAM and MRS. FAGAN

Alfieri

LADY ELTHAM and MISS HASTINGS

Alfieri

LORD STALBRIDGE MRS. PEASE and MR. MACFARLANE

and summer unnecessary, and there are thousands of houses in which no coal is burnt from the time the sitting-room fires are stopped until they begin again. And it is the sitting-room fires that have brought the effect of the coal strike into even the most labour-saving home. What can be done with a ration of half a hundredweight of coal a week?

In the country matters, of course, have been serious, and a lot of hostesses have had to give up all entertaining. In houses where there is central heating—and comparatively few houses of any size are without it nowadays—the problem for the winter is acute, and I have heard of several people who will be obliged to shut up their houses and go away.

All sorts of expedients have been resorted to in order to get over the coal difficulty, and I shouldn't be surprised if one of the expedients at least doesn't remain in permanent use even after the coal supply becomes normal, which, I suppose, it will one day. This is cooking by oil. I know of one big house where all the cooking for a succession of guests, generally about eighteen at a time, has been done on three oil stoves. It required some persuasion to induce the cook to use them, but after a few days she became a sworn enemy of the kitchen range. The hostess told me that during the time they were in the house—some six months of the year—they usually burnt about forty tons of coal. The cartage of the oil from the station cost about the same as the cartage of a ton of coal. One lot of oil will last three months, so, as she added triumphantly, they have saved the cartage on thirty-eight tons of coal.

The trouble there has been with the hot water. No coke was available, so they had to feed the furnace with wood, which meant there was only hot water at stated times in the day, it being impossible to keep up a continuous heat with wood unless somebody sat and popped logs into the furnace all day long.

One section of the community, however, is rejoicing openly and undisguisedly over the coal strike. These are the London chimney-sweeps. The summer is always their slackest time. This year it has been one of their busiest, because they have had to pay fortnightly visits to those of their customers who have been obliged to buy foreign coal.

Sir George Holford

The death of Sir George Holford is practically certain to bring about a big sale at Christie's of some of the treasures at Dorchester House and at Weston Birt, in Gloucestershire. The year after he succeeded his father, Sir George sold a collection of prints and drawings. He likewise sold a Hobbema to the late Mr. Pierpoint Morgan, and a Velasquez, also to America, being paid, so it was said, £80,000 for the latter. With these exceptions, I believe, the collections he inherited are complete. If there should be a sale, there will be tremendous competition between English and American bibliophiles for the rare first editions and the illuminated manuscripts for which the Holford Library is famous.

And one wonders, too, what will be the fate of Dorchester House, and if it will share that which is awaiting its neighbour, Grosvenor House? Out of all the "great" houses, Dorchester House, Bridgewater House, Apsley House, and Lansdowne House are the only ones left. Devonshire House has vanished; Stafford House is the London Museum; Hertford House is a picture gallery; and Grosvenor

Illus.

THE GROUP INCLUDES MISS SELBY-LOWNDES MR. H. W. SELBY-LOWNDES and COLONEL SUTTON

SHOW TIME AT ASHFORD

Some of the competitors and spectators at the Ashford Valley Hunt Horse Show. This was well attended, and the sun was among "those present"

British Illus.

MRS. WALKER (left) and MISS M. SIMMONDS

House stands waiting for the housebreaker's pick and crowbar. The day of town houses as big as palaces has departed, and the site on which Dorchester House stands must represent an extremely large sum of money. It was let at one time to the late Mr. Whitelaw Reid for £4500 a year.

Sir George Holford's great hobby in life was gardening, and he converted his gardens at Weston Birt into dreams of beauty. He was vice-president of the Royal Horticultural Society, at whose shows, and especially at the Chelsea one, he used to exhibit marvellous orchids. At one of the shows it was said that his orchids were worth £200,000.

Children's Carnival

LADY WARRENDER asks me to tell you that she is organising a Children's Carnival and Fancy Dress Party, to be held at Claridge's on Thursday afternoon, November 25, to raise money to complete the building of the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies at Woolwich. Lady Warrender and her committee, amongst whom are the Countess of Dalkeith, Lady George Cholmondeley, Lady Mary Ashley-Cooper, and Lady Doreen Knatchbull, are already at work organising the arrangements for the carnival.

Topical

A COMING-OF-AGE

The Hon. J. Kenneth Weir, the heir of Lord and Lady Weir, photographed at his coming-of-age celebrations. He is seen acknowledging the gifts of the tenantry

Allen

MR. and MRS. A. CHESTER BEATTY and MISS CHESTER BEATTY

The New Grand Stand at Epsom

EPSOM is to have a new grand stand but the delays in the delivery of the materials owing to the coal strike have been so serious that at one time it was thought the meeting next June would have to take place on some other racecourse—an inconceivable happening for the Derby. However, we are not to have this break in the continuity of the historic race, as the steel which British firms were unable to supply has been got chiefly from France and Belgium.

This makes an interesting commentary on the text, "Buy British Goods," stamped on our letters nowadays. If the builders had waited for British steel the new stand, which is to seat 20,000 people, would not have been ready. As it is, there will have to be night shifts as well as day shifts of workers in order that it may be completed by early June of next year.

The Next Step?

THE windows of the *bric-à-brac* shops are a pleasant diversion for an idle Saturday afternoon—when they are all closed and you can't possibly yield to temptation. Myself, I find them particularly interesting as an indication of the things that are "fashionable" amongst collectors. At the present moment they are more interesting than usual because at a time when "Victorian" is used wholesale as an adjective expressing contempt, these shops are filled with every sort and kind of Victorian "horror."

In each of them you see *papier maché* tables and tea-trays smothered with large blobs of mother-of-pearl, and those hideously coloured glass vases which used to stand in sets of three on every Victorian

E. Groh

A CLIMBING HOLIDAY

Prince Chichibu of Japan photographed at Kandersteg during his stay in Switzerland

Alfieri

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Sir Robert Horne snapped while on holiday at Biarritz. The sunshine of this southern resort is evidently exerting its usual beneficent influence

mantelpiece. Candlesticks with strings of dependent lustres are on sale by the hundred. Obviously all these things are largely in demand. But what puzzles me is where they all come from.

We know our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers when they took to these cheerless and ugly things banished all the Chippendale, Sheraton, and Hepplewhite which they had inherited to the attics, whence it was retrieved and restored to its former glory in living-rooms by their grandchildren. Did these grandchildren pop their inherited Victorian ornaments into the attics, too?

My own recollection is that they were given away as rubbish or sent to bazaars. So, failing the attics, I have come to the conclusion that seaside lodging-houses and country cottages must be the source of supply. You never saw these things anywhere else. Now, of course, you will see them in the drawing-rooms of your friends and acquaintances. Will the next step be to Victorian horsehair sofas and chairs and magenta and yellow antimacassars?

The Modern Golconda

This year Deauville seems to have reached the high tide of jewellery-wearing. A friend of mine tells me that the most reputable women go about in the daytime bedizened with diamonds to an extent that even a *demi-mondaine* would not have ventured upon a few years ago. She says that last week at the Potinière she sat at the next table to a woman bearing one of the biggest names in France. Out of curiosity she counted the jewels this dame was wearing at twelve o'clock in the morning. On her bare arms she had twenty-five diamond bracelets—ten on one arm and fifteen on the other. On her two hands were ten emerald and diamond rings. On one shoulder was a big diamond clasp. The lady likewise wore four strings of large pearls, and a diamond pendant which my friend says "reminded me of a baby frying-pan."

If Deauville were in Italy, Signor Mussolini would probably have something to say to this wanton display of wealth. But, on the other hand, it is more than probable that a goodly proportion of the jewels so vulgarly displayed at Deauville this year are imitation.

Daily Press

AT A FRENCH SPA

Lady Chamberlain (right) out for a morning constitutional with Mrs. Herbert Sapte at Royat, near Clermont Perrand. She has been taking the cure at this spa

P. & A.

ROYALTY ON THE LIDO

The King and Queen of Roumania setting out from their hotel in Venice, where they have been making a short stay. The Queen is about to start out on an extended visit to the United States

Alfieri

"GETTING TOGETHER" ON THE COURT

A group on the lawn tennis courts at Biarritz. It includes Prince Habib Lotfallah, Princess Lotfallah and three of their nephews, Miss Mary Thomas and Captain Erskine-Bolst

Autumn Engagements and

Bertram Park

A BRIDE-TO-BE

Miss Marguerite McGusty, the daughter of Mrs. Arthur Bendir. She is to marry Mr. David Plunket Greene, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs Harry Plunket Greene

NEWLY ENGAGED *Hay Wrighton*

Miss Violet Gwendolen Grimston, the younger daughter of Canon the Hon. Robert and Mrs. Grimston, of Darrowfield House, St. Albans. Her engagement is announced to Mr. Arthur William Acland, M.C., the elder son of Colonel A. D. and the Hon. Mrs. Acland, of Digswell House Welwyn, Herts

AN AUTUMN WEDDING *Sport and General*

The Hon Archibald Cubitt and Lady Irene Pratt, the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Camden, who are to be married this autumn. Mr. Cubitt is the second son of Lord Ashcombe

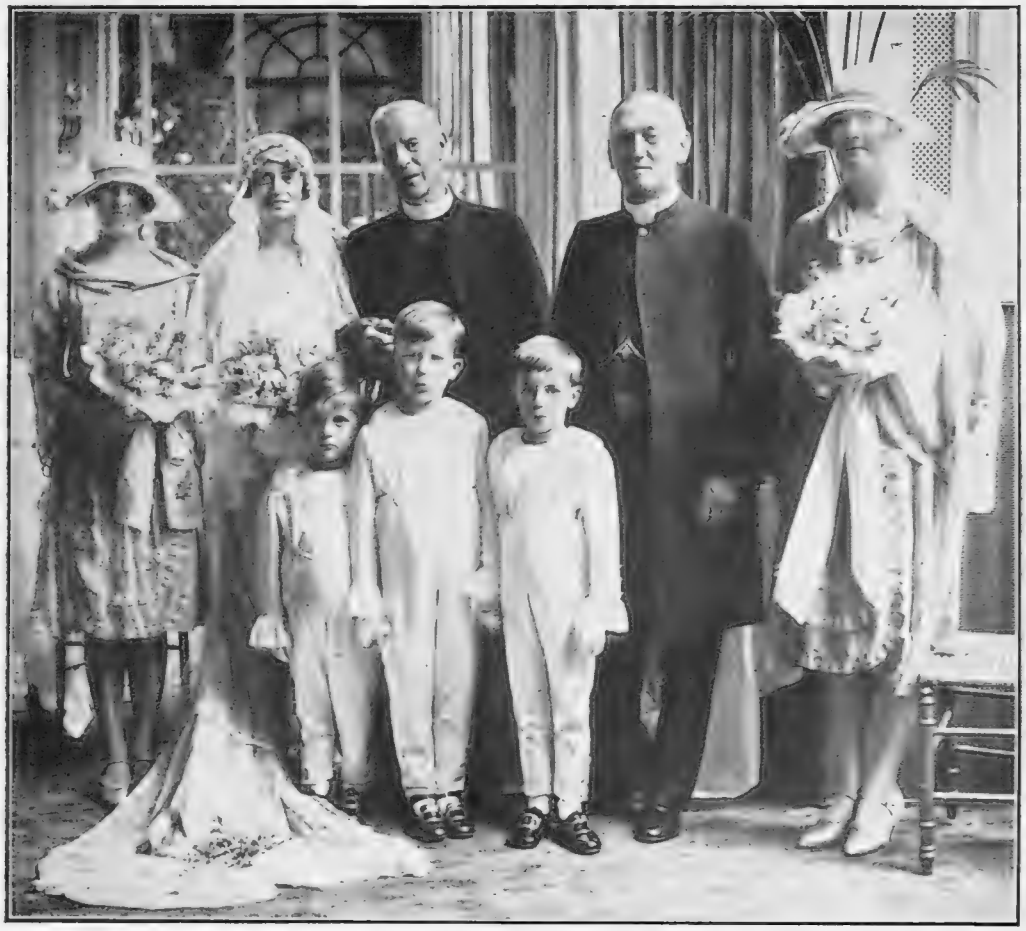
A SEPTEMBER BRIDE *Angus Fall*

Mrs. Routley, who was married to Mr. T. N. Penlington The Buffs, yesterday, September 21. She is the daughter of Professor P. Green, F.R.S and Mrs. Green

Weddings in Town and Country

A SURREY WEDDING *Aitken*

The Rev. Rowland P. Dodd and his bride, Miss Leila K. Rawlinson, leaving the Parish Church, Banstead, after their wedding



A CLERICAL WEDDING *I.B.*

The Rev. Charles Kembie Irwin, Rector of Swyncombe, Oxfordshire, photographed after his marriage to Miss Lydia Theresa (Tessa) Cottier, daughter of Sir Charles Cottier, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Canon R. Irwin, D.S.O. M.C., was best man

P. & A.

FROM THE UNITED STATES

Mr. John Marion Fox, of Los Angeles, and his bride, Miss Joan Bennett, of New York, after their wedding at St. Luke's, Sydney Street, in Chelsea. Mrs. Fox is the daughter of the well-known American actor Mr. Richard Bennett

Aitken

LEAVING THE ORATORY

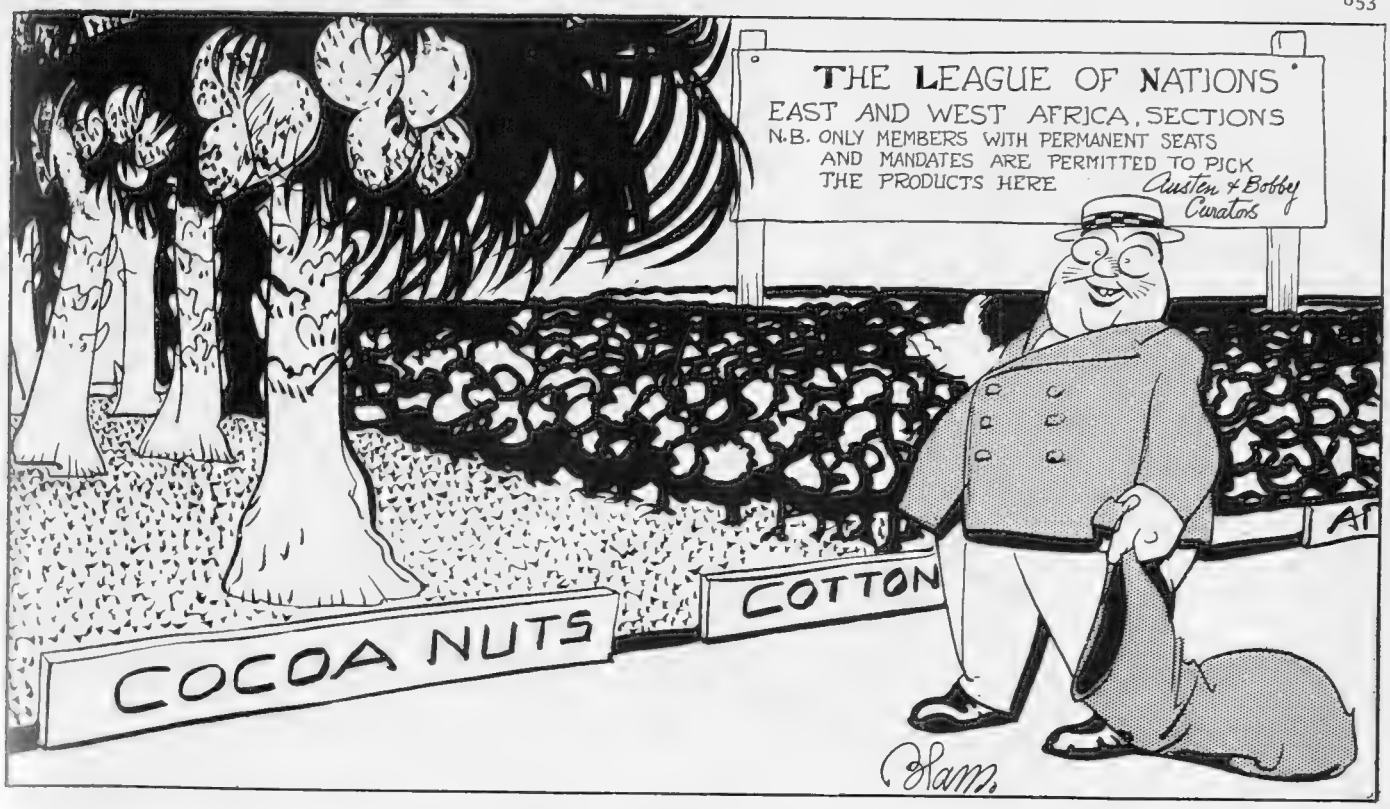
Captain Konstantine Lubienski Bodenham, 14th Punjab Regiment, and his bride, formerly Miss Rosamund Strickland, leaving Brompton Oratory after their wedding last week

The Gateways of London
ST. PANCRAS

By Reginald Arkell. *Illustrated by* O. Cuningham

NORTHWARD for Scotland,
Scotland's moors and dales;
Southward Ho! for Brighton,
And Westward Ho! for Wales.
Eastward Ho! for Harwich,
But whether you like it or not—
North or South or East or West,
The Midlands could buy the lot.

King's Cross for Scotland,
Scotland's moors and dales;
London Bridge for Brighton,
And Paddington for Wales.
Liverpool Street for Harwich,
But whether you like it or not—
Paddington, Euston or London Bridge,
St. Pancras could buy the lot.



AT GENEVA

By Blam

"Effryting in der garten luffley vas!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

A Curious Fact

I have already remarked on the rather curious fact that the faster we travel the longer we take to get to our destination. London has become one huge parking ground for motor cars of every denomination, with the result that it takes a Rolls-Royce half an hour to get from the Ritz to the Palace Theatre.

The Limit!

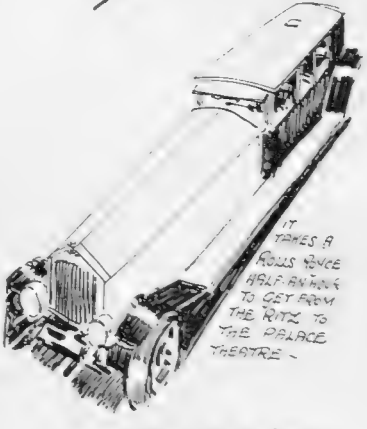
The same discovery has now been made by the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport. Opening the new Tube extension from Clapham to Morden, Lt.-Col. Moore Brabazon, M.P., remarked that "so far as the roads were concerned, we have got to a stage where there were now so many vehicles on the road that a limit in speed had been reached, and he was inclined to believe that with more vehicles we should see speed still further diminished."

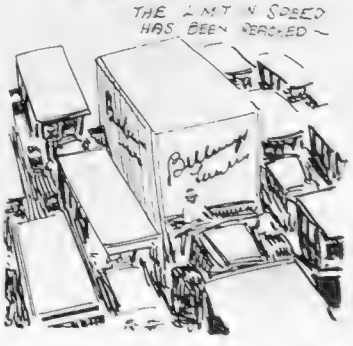
The Word Wizard

That is the modern traffic problem! The whirligig of time has brought its revenges with a vengeance, with the result that, as I have said, the faster we travel, the longer we take to arrive. What a Gilbertian situation. How the old word wizard would have revelled in such a topsy-turvy state of affairs. And what a crushing commentary on the curious thing known as modern progress.

A Flying Visit

Taking a flying visit to Boulogne over the week-end, I found that ancient port full of life and seemingly far more prosperous than I have known it for a long time. Boulogne has slumped considerably in the social scale since its handsome casino and magnificent baccarat rooms were first erected, but the vogue of Le Touquet seems to have revived its ancient glories. Myself, I much prefer to stay in the older town and to pay flying visits to its young neighbour, for they are within easy motoring distance, and the road, though not good, is not too bad.





Conventional Joys

THE trouble with these newer fashionable resorts is that they have no reserve of interest upon which to draw. There is the race-course; there are the tennis-courts, and the golfer is catered for, but these are rather artificial and conventional joys compared with a ramble on the ramparts of the old town, or a quiet half-hour in the neighbourhood of the harbour. Le Touquet is a better shopping centre, but here, again, Boulogne has more character and the "rooms" are probably the most handsome in Europe.

An Ungenerous Tendency

IN singing the praises of *Rose Marie*, and its effect on the Drury Lane balance sheet, there has been an ungenerous tendency to use its success as a club with which to hit Basil Dean over the head. It is well known that Sir Alfred Butt and Mr. Dean had a difference of opinion on this point, but the phenomenal financial success of the American importation is rather beside the point. It does not affect the principle at stake, and Mr. Dean need not hide his head in shame because he happened to hold a brief for the British author and the British play.

No Cheers for Us

I HAVE been rather concerned with the amazing receptions accorded the first performances of American plays in the West End of late. I don't suggest that American visitors and residents should be discouraged from letting themselves go, but it would do something to preserve the balance if English audiences were equally demonstrative when they happen to find themselves facing an equally good home product. All this western exuberance is apt to warp our sense of values, even though a well-known critic said of *Blackbirds* that "many a white entertainment of equal excellence has passed without cheers."

A National Charity

I HAVE received from Lord Burnham a private letter which, I imagine, is not too private to be mentioned in these columns. It concerns the Printers' Pension Corporation, which celebrates its centenary next year. Lord Burnham will preside over the annual Festival on November 16th, and he is naturally anxious that it shall be a great success, in order that the aged printers and the widows of printers shall continue to receive their pensions, and that the seven hundred war orphans shall not lack the weekly allowances, which mean their training for life and livelihood.

SO MANY PEOPLE HAVE SWUM THE CHANNEL THAT THE AFFAIR WILL SOON RANK WITH THE ANNUAL WALK TO BRIGHTON

The Brighton Walk

SO many people have swum the Channel that the affair will soon rank with the annual walk to Brighton in the list of sporting events. We shall see the French coast black with starters, and it will only be a matter of lowering the record in the length of the time taken on the trip. The suggestion made by my evening paper that the next Brighton Walk may be won by a lady pedestrian is by no means extravagant, and is anything but a long shot in the matter of prophecy.

The Constant Nymph

MY previous comments on Basil Dean and his championship of the British author brings me naturally to the astonishing success of his dramatic version of that exquisite book, *The Constant Nymph*. I say "astonishing," because, in the first place, it is unusual for a "best seller" to provide the basis for a theatrical success; secondly, because *The Constant Nymph* seemed a hopeless dramatic proposition; and, thirdly, because I had little confidence in the cast to bring out the more characteristic points of the narrative.

A Fine Play

BUT events have proved me wrong all along the line, and I am glad to admit it. *The Constant Nymph* has made a fine play—the best dramatisation of a novel since, I should imagine, *The Great Adventure*. And if you doubt that the play was finely acted, read the chorus of praise that has fallen from the critics. Noel Coward has managed to be as uncouth as the part of Lewis Dodd requires, and Edna Best surprised everybody by transforming her very English self into the strange, wild, overdeveloped child of the title rôle. The Bohemian atmosphere of the Sanger household is brought out to the full without any attempt at exaggeration, and the artistic temperaments portrayed do not smack too much of Chelsea!

"A Marriage has been Arranged—"

Fox

The Master of Falkland and his fiancée, Miss Joan Southey, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Charles Bonham Southey, of Frinton-on-Sea, and niece of Lady Newborough. They are to be married next month

"Here's a How de Do!"

BY MACMICHAEL

A flight of imagination on the part of our artist, who has attempted to picture the feelings of the traditional characters of "The Mikado" on meeting their newly dressed selves. The opera in its new setting is now drawing crowded houses to the Princes

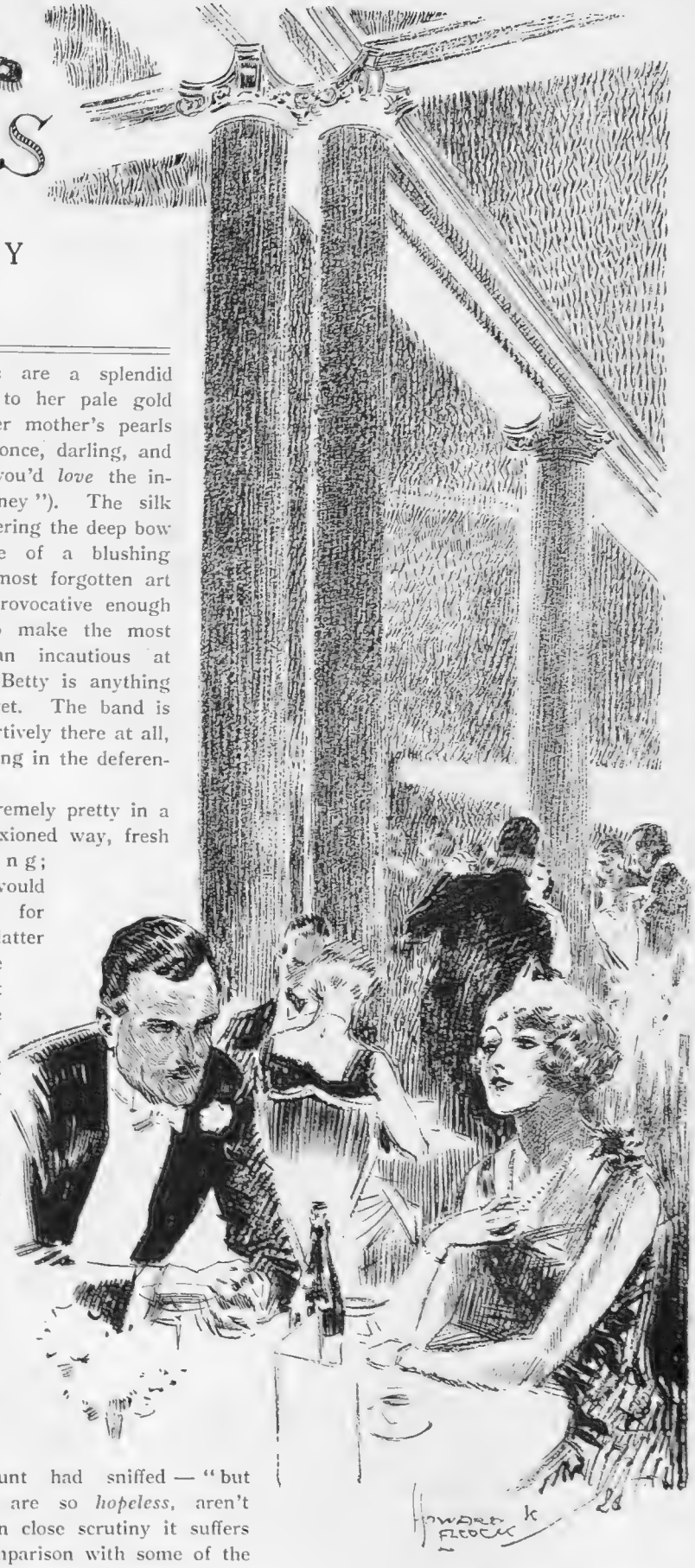
NEW SERIES

LONDON LOVELIES

II.—BERKELEY BETTY

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

Illustration by HOWARD K. ELCOCK



PROPERLY to appreciate Betty of the Berkeley, and to understand her a little—a very little, because one is a man only, and no man understands a woman. Are they not always telling us so?—you must absorb the hot-house setting in which she is blooming so prettily at the moment.

The Berkeley has three distinct phases of life at night. It has also a fourth, at lunch time, when enormous affairs known as "hen parties" are so popular. These are ceremonies whereat a dozen women unfold table napkins and begin saying the sweetest of things to each other with ice-breaking smiles. You can hear them if sitting close by—you can hear quite a lot of things—the milk of human kindness and tolerance flows in spate. What you *don't* hear is what they say of each other to each other when departing in pairs, about two forty-five, to other ceremonies known as "fittings." But you can hear what the bland, pearl-laden hostess says next day if you "drop in" to tea with her. . . . "Oh, my dear, were you there? Wasn't it *frightful?* Did you ever *see* such a collection of stiffs? But I had to work them off somehow; this flat is too small, of course. However, thank goodness I've got *that* off my chest. Sugar? Now tell me. . . ." (You tell her.) . . . But let us get back to Betty, and the atmospheres that surround her.

Betty comes in about 8.15. That is at the waning of Phase No. 1—the theatre-dinner period, when women are collecting their bags and cigarette cases from the tables, and hosts are peeping rather furtively at their bills.

He had said, "What time shall we dine—about nine?"

And she had replied, "*Gracious,* I shall be starving long before then."

She had not seen the cynical smile, because he was at the other end of a telephone. So they had compromised at 8.15. And she had arrived on the stroke of that hour.

The surroundings of the Berkeley are such that many a Betty has been moved, and will again, to the precipice edge of self-betrayal before her appointed time to her predestined man. The light olive-green walls are a splendid background to her pale gold hair and her mother's pearls ("just this once, darling, and you know you'd *love* the insurance money"). The silk curtains covering the deep bow windows are of a blushing pink—an almost forgotten art nowadays—provocative enough in colour to make the most wary woman incautious at times; and Betty is anything but wary, yet. The band is not self-assertively there at all, but thrumming in the deferential distance.

She is extremely pretty in a clear complexioned way, fresh and young; though she would dislike you for applying the latter to her. She has that nonchalance of good breeding which cannot be bought with notes. She wears a very simple dress, from Barvey and Mitchells, where her family has dealt for two generations. "Not nearly enough of it," her aunt had sniffed — "but one's aunts are so *hopeless,* aren't they?" On close scrutiny it suffers rather in comparison with some of the Paris models that are sailing out and drifting in just now. But it was expensive enough; and her allowance is always heavily mortgaged into the quarter ahead.

Her host is half Londoner, half Leicestershire. She met him while out with Fernie's one day last season—in a sort of a way. She had taken a terrific toss at a gap and was knocked out. The first she saw of him was as he leaned over her, jerking at Starlight's bridle with one hand and saying, "stand still, you damn brute," viciously between his teeth, while with the other hand he helped her up saying, in the most tender way "bit wet where you're sitting, little lady, try getting up." And

she had climbed to consciousness up the side of his shining boot.

He is rather massive: of the build she calls "powerful." His hair is greying slightly. He has very good features and most upsetting eyes; grey-blue, with a bias of blue. He can talk about anything, with a sympathetic smile. Especially sweet is he in his attention to her tale now, about how she evaded the tiresome aunt this time, with whom she is staying at the Hyde Park. He has a crisp black moustache, and a very quiet, commanding tone with waiters. Is a member of Woods and the Lancers clubs. She has written to him at both, several times. An older woman, studying him, would have said to herself, "M'm; y-e-s; 'ware wire, dearie."

Not so Betty. She looks at him far too frankly, and too often. She is falling deliciously, dangerously in love with him. She is possessed of an almost complete *sang froid* on all occasions, due to an upbringing among four brothers. But this man, somehow—phew! . . . At the end of dinner ("what did we eat? I'm dashed if I know"), when she is toying with the stem of the glass containing *crême de menthe frappée*, she finds herself twisting with the fingers of the other hand that platinum-edged cuff-link that lies on the motionless wrist at her side.

Then she begins telling him things, smiling into his eyes for longer periods than are prudent. Things that would never have occurred to her to tell him at six o'clock this evening. In fact, she lays all her cards face uppermost on the cloth. And he, who has been probing about carelessly in women's eyes for their secrets for the last twenty years, and finding some of them, is very well content, and suggests dancing.

Phase 2, which is the leisurely late dining period at 9.15, with an entirely new congregation of lovelies, a cleared parquet floor and different melodies of music, now envelops Betty. A fair-haired young American seems to have beckoned his orchestra nearer the doorway. He himself stands on the threshold of the trotting foxes, crooning at them with a subtle, deep-toned saxophone. And she is sucked into the stream that eddies round the floor. He would be considered a monotonous dancer by ninety per cent. of the women in the room. To her he is "divine." She says, looking up at him gravely, "Gerald, this is too wonderful, isn't it?" And a hand is pressed against her back in mute acquiescence. "Great Scot, what an attractive baby this is," is all that has flashed through his mind at that moment.

So she dances with him on the tottering edge of matters right into phase 3, which is the hour of the after-the-theatre lovelies, who now overfill the floor. The dancing has become merely a conventional shuffle; and he says, "Oh dash this crowd, let's go on somewhere, shall us?" And they do . . .

Here is Betty again—ten years afterwards. Her husband is in India—or somewhere ("I never enquire, my dear"). She is rather paler. The complexion is cleverly embellished, necessarily but not unduly. There are the thinnest of spidery lines on the outer edge of the eyes at eleven in the mornings now. Her pearls are her own.

She is whispering to a woman friend on her left, whose man is giving his wife a duty dance, "I always like this place, darling. Something *chic* and rather Parisian about it, don't you know? It has memories, too. I remember getting immersed in a most elaborate *affaire* here some years ago. Demi-god I thought he was. Devil he turned out to be; *you* know. As a matter of fact, he . . ."

She lowers her voice still more. So low, in fact, that we can't hear what she is saying.

We can only guess.

E.P.L.-B.

Gregory Bernard

"THE VAMPIRE"

A striking study from the "All British" Exhibition of Professional Photography. The exhibition, which closes on September 28, is being held at Princes Galleries, Piccadilly, W.

J. Capstack

"125 ALL OUT"

A retrospect of the cricket season which is among the exhibits at the "All British" Exhibition of Professional Photography. The exhibition, which will close on September 28, is being held at the Princes Galleries in Piccadilly

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

An art expert has just paid £50,000 for a bust. The last one we went on didn't cost nearly so much.

. . . .

Optimists are curious fellows. We have just heard of one who ordered from a waiter a dozen oysters on the chance of finding a pearl which would pay for his dinner. He was soon found suffering from "shell" shock.

. . . .

A drainage expert says that a lot of wells ought to be choked up. We trust no harm is intended to "H. G." of that ilk.

. . . .

A medical journal states that aviators are especially liable to rheumatism. But skyatica would seem to be a very appropriate complaint for them.

. . . .

A Mrs. Thompson has issued a violent attack against the traditional widow's costume. The lady evidently desires to pose as a widow's weed killer.

. . . .

Mr. Cook says that the Home Secretary makes him laugh. Will you stop your tickling, Jix?

. . . .

A London City firm reports that ten of its stenographers are down with influenza. That firm is evidently short-hand-ed.

A Dachshund has been taught to do the fox-trot. That should be easy for any *ventre à terrier*.

. . . . . .

A certain *bon viveur* rose to propose the toast of "Absent Friends." "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen," he began, "I should like to couple with this toast the name of the wine steward, for I haven't seen the wretched blighter for the last fifty minutes."

. . . . . .

Congratulations to the French girl who got engaged to an Air Force officer and told her friends she was going to marry an "Ace."

. . . . . .

Do you know that if all the ladders in the world were placed together it would be extremely bad for silk stockings?

. . . . . .

Lady: Is this song "Because I Love You"?

Street Music Vendor: "No, lady; "Because Gawd made Thee Mine."

"What is a bachelor, daddy?"

"A bachelor, my boy, is a man who looks before he leaps—and then doesn't leap!"

. . . .

An author wants to know which are the most satirical lines ever written. What about the following couplet that was once dedicated to the manager who produced a certain revue?—

"If you paid thirty thousand for this stuff,
Flesh must be dear, for dirt is cheap enough."

. . . . . .

From a provincial paper: "Mr. Johnson spoke for ten minutes, but was unfortunately inedible." Otherwise, it might have been possible to make him eat his words.

. . . . . .

There is an old fellow called Pugh,
Whose age is an hundred and tugh;
Having plenty of cheek,
He got married last week,
Which I don't think was decent, do yugh?

. . . . . .

A football scribe says, "Now is the time for all amateurs to go into strict training." Quite so. It must be very trying for an outside right to discover at half-time that he has no inside left!

. . . .

"How old is Grace?"

"Well, to my certain knowledge she has had the vote for ten years!"

. . . .

Mr. John Galsworthy is supposed to entertain a not too high opinion of ladies' mental capacity. Yet surely there are many clever gals worthy of his regard.

. . . .

Last week two teams of London physicians played a cricket match. Judging from the low scores that were made, we should say that the wicket had been "doctored."

. . . .

A couple who were recently married in Sussex went for a horseback honeymoon over the Downs. We trust they found a secluded bridal path.

By E. P. Kinsella

"THE MINORS RETURN TO WORK"

Long Drawn Out!

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A SIMPLE HOME CURE FOR WARTS

12th Edition Produced August 25, 1926

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

I THINK the "obstinate success" of the Co-Optimists must be largely due to the amazing versatility and high spirits of Mr. Davy Burnaby. As usual, he leads off—or, as the programme puts it, is "shoved on first"; and he opens the ball with a rollicking song about the "skipper." Presumably this is a reference to his own well-deserved position as Captain of his Company, and as the famous Gilbertian ditty has it, a right good Captain, too! Perhaps, to continue the quotation, it might be added that he is very, very good, and never uses a big, big D, unless, of course, quite naturally, to take his—Davy. This frivolity, born of Mr. Burnaby's infectious humour, is, I am afraid, quite inexcusable, especially as it only goes to show how bald a little quip may become in cold print, when, put across the footlights, it sends an audience into paroxysms of laughter.

THEN there is Mr. Gilbert Childs, who is a comedian of a very high order. Strictly speaking, of course, there are no such things as childs, the right word being children, but you can't snatch a man's name away from him just to fit in with Mr. Lindley Murray's fanciful theories. One of Mr. Childs's contributions to this rollicking entertainment is a song entitled "Tears," which, however, is nothing like so dismal as it sounds. After all, when tears become sloppy they are fit subjects for mirth, and Mr. Childs, as it were, fairly mops them up. The song is an admirable specimen of the comedian's art. Mr. Childs also takes part in several concerted turns, one of which, "Operatic Cricket," is greatly to the fancy of the house. It is in the vein the Co-Optimists have practised before, several well-known tunes being fitted with words for which they were most certainly not designed. The new lines are very ably contrived and adapted, and as each tune is recognised and the playful incongruity becomes obtrusively apparent, there is a shout of laughter that frequently renders the rest of the line inaudible.

Stage Photo Co.

BLASTING OPERATIONS

Davy Burnaby as Jack Stylton conducts his Melodious Mites on an excursion into the "food of love." The Melodious Mites aforesaid are Stanley Holloway (left), Doris Bentley, Mary Leigh, Wolseley Charles, Gilbert Childs, Sheila Rawle, Marjorie Spiers and Austin Melford

INCIDENTALLY, I don't remember to have met a more noisy audience. The Co-Optimists' supporters have clearly come to the theatre to laugh, and they are bent on having their money's worth. Mr. Burnaby holds his audience practically in the hollow of his hand. He even gets an answering cheer for the ripe old jest that while in Paris he saw the shows and *autres choses*. But obviously in an entertainment of this kind, which makes an effort to keep the fun at the highest pitch all the time, a chestnut or two is bound to creep in occasionally.

ALMOST original turn is given by Mr. Burnaby, Mr. Childs, and Mr. Stanley Holloway, entitled "Orpheus, Cupid, and Bacchus," who are, of course, the official representatives of wine, women, and song, or, as Hafiz puts it more gracefully, the cup, the lute, and love. Mr. Childs, as Bacchus with a crown of vine-leaves, is truly imposing as he waves aloft the cup that cheers everybody except the killjoys. At the conclusion of the first part of their turn the three pagan deities step down from their pedestals and do a bit of living statuary business which is very funny and very popular. Some of the audience literally scream with laughter at the topical jokes claimed to be represented by the living statues.

MISS MARY LEIGH is a new member of the company and is given the first turn among the ladies. She has a dainty little song supported by the male chorus,

who, in different disguises, propose marriage to her, three at a time. I understand, however, that this sort of thing is not done in real life, proposals being usually conducted without witnesses so as to give a chap a chance to back out if he subse-

quently finds that the lady was ticketed too high in the shop window. The humour of this turn is both light and graceful, and is in the best musical-comedy style. Then Miss Doris Bentley obliges with a tuneful ballad about "One-Way Street," with its pretty hint that if the young couples always walked the same way they

would find the road to happiness. I seem to remember having heard my respected grandmother say the same thing, so it seems the advice has clearly stood the test of time and can now be accepted as perfectly reliable.

But the idea of the "One-Way Street" was clearly too rich to be entirely exhausted by merely making a song about it. The subject is turned into a little play later on in the programme, as the Co-Optimists could not conscientiously allow a novelty of this kind to pass without pointing out the kinks in it. So they apply the One-Way industry to a private dwelling which is in process of being burgled. The householder cannot, without going back on his first principles, waylay the burglar and head him off. He is obliged for the sake of consistency to take the same road as the burglar from the sideboard to the window, and, as someone has happily observed, a stern chase is a long one, especially if both runners have the same quality of wind and weather. So to the intense delight of the audience the burglar makes good his escape with the swag, and the unhappy householder looks for sympathy in vain.

Then Mr. Austin Melford having done his best to push the fun along in several concerted items, takes the floor on his own account with a sweet little effort called "The Perambulator Walk." Some atrocious person once remarked that the presence of so many babies in London is a crying evil, but, of course, we need not take any notice of cheap stuff like that. Mr. Melford gets down to facts when he points out that nowadays we not only have to dodge the cars in the road, but the prams on the pavement as well. Therefore he has invented the "Perambulator Walk" which gives even the Charleston points

in tortuosity. The special steps are designed to enable you to walk so that while you are avoiding collision with a pram that threatens you in the front, you can simultaneously avoid another that is preparing to attack you in the rear.

Mr. Melville Gideon is clearly an entertainer that audiences love. They listen in silent ecstasy to his softly sung melodies, and wait breathlessly for his final jab at the keys before bursting

Stage Photo Co.

THE EAST COMES WEST

Three Co-Optimists seen under the temporary influence of the Orient in the number "Lacquer Lady." The photograph shows Stanley Holloway (left), Wolseley Charles and Sheila Rawle

into a storm of cheers that would gladden the heart of a Cabinet Minister. Mr. Stanley Holloway not only sings in robuster vein, but adds to his delightful turn a series of "imitations" which are quite remarkable. This part of his turn came as a revelation, as nobody ever thought he would go and do a thing like that—and all done so neatly, too, without the aid of mechanical apparatus of any kind. This is the twelfth success the Co-Optimists have enjoyed. It is not for me to remind them what the next number is—but I hope it is their lucky one!

Jingle.

Other People's Pleasures

A ROTATION ROUND

By DELL LEIGH

I HAVE found a new golf game in Scotland. It is a great favourite with the after-tea-bird on the links, who seems to get a lot of fun out of it. The Scotsman who takes his game very seriously thinks he ought to get six months instead. So do I. They call it a "Rotation Round." People call it all sorts of other things while they are engaged upon it. So did I.

George came bustling up to me during the somnolent after-lunch hour, kicked the framework of my deck chair suddenly, and said, "New game, my boy; there's money to be made—listen!"

I said, "Go away, I'm busy."

But he sat down and explained at great and enthusiastic length, and I hated the sight of him.

A rotation round, it seems, can be played by varying numbers of persons, with varying numbers of clubs. The only basic and unswerving principle being, as George explained, thumping my knee unduly, that you have got to play the clubs chosen in rotation, whatever the shot, and wherever you are. He said, "Slade and Jaggers are on a four-ball foursome; they have never played it before either; and we'll take a packet off them, believe *me*." He always says "Believe me" when he is not sure of his ground—and I never do, believe me.

I said, "Don't be idiotic. I'm not going to desecrate these hallowed links by any fool trick of that sort—and, besides, how much is the financial liability, anyway?"

It appeared they were pound corners, and double or quits on such byes as there might be. As we can jointly knock the Slade-Jaggers' heads off in the ordinary way, conceding several shots, the prospects seemed fair to medium, and I assented weakly in order to get a little sleep.

Six clubs each was the order of the day in this case (George, with his usual incentive, had never consulted me about this), and, having chosen your clubs, you have got to play them. In other words, if you are lying half in and half out of a muddy burn and it is the driver's turn for torture, the driver has got to be played. Being crassly orthodox, George had chosen for our side the driver, cleek, No. 2 iron, mashie (deep-faced), niblick, and putter. I thought it rather odd that Slade and Jaggers should choose a brassie, spoon, jigger, mashie-niblick, heavy niblick, and putter; but they are (or were) a couple of poor boobs at the best of times. Each side, of course, watches keenly to see that the other side doesn't cheat, under the guise of "I'm frightfully sorry, I forgot which club it was then."

Things went fairly smoothly for the first three holes, as I expected they would; and here we were three up, as I expected we should be. Then matters began to assume shape. It was George's honour on the fourth tee, and by some quite unusual mistiming on his part he sliced the ball into some whins which on this course are like nothing so much as the coat of a rough-haired terrier. The cleek was about as much use herein as a toothpick is to a seal. Followed the No. 2 iron and the mashie, and were *in statuo quo* in the whins. We lost that hole and the next two because George argued instead of concentrating on his job. I got back the seventh by holing out with my new Ben Sayers putter from about thirty yards off the green, on a road.

The eighth and ninth we halved. The tenth we called all square, because both sides used the wrong club almost simultaneously. And then began the rout. It is an extraordinary thing how a couple of experienced (h'm) golfers can get all lathered with nervousness about their clubs if they are using them at the wrong time and place. When I have to putt on one of those incomparable greens with a niblick, I am wondering all the time where the greenkeeper is and what he would say if he saw me. And when I am expected to produce my "Benny" putter in a straight-faced bunker, well, it is just sacrilege.

Long, wobbly handicap men, on the other hand (I hope those two leering brutes see this), who are never certain about themselves with any club at any time or place, have a distinct advantage over us when they have to approach to a slippery green with a driver, because they just scoop it along the ground messily and hope for the best.

One lesson I learned from the *débâcle*, though it cost me one of the cleanest pound notes I have ever handled. I must get a couple of American swankers I know, whose joint handicaps amount to seven, to take on the Slade and Jaggers combination. The Yanks will bet like fury.

So shall I—and with George, if I can get him on . . .

By Stan Terry

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE

"Yes, we've taken a house near Bishop Auckland"

"Reely! And 'ave you called on 'im yet?"

THE OVERTURE TO WINTER

"THE K

IE KISS"

THE FIRST HOUR OF BREAKFAST

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

Mes Amis—

We shall be able to breathe more easily, some of us, now that affairs have been patched up between Mlles. Parisys and Gaby Morlay, two of the best and liveliest of Parisian light comediennes. When there is a *brouille* between artistes of such ardent and explosive temperament you never can tell where it is going to lead to, and it is generally odds on trouble in one form or another.

The differences broke out within the charmed circle of the *très parisien coterie*, which styles itself *Les Optimistes*, and which is favourably looked upon by very many people. Both Parisys and Gaby Morlay are high-spirited ladies with a "drive," they like things to move, and if other people are backward about this, they are quite prepared to give all necessary impetus.

When, therefore, they differed over the objects of the *groupement* it was evident that the gap could not but widen, and it was not over long before the association was in two parts, a Parisys wing and a Morlay wing, which furnished opportunity for the stinging nickname of the Half-Optimistes

This was too much to bear, and though the vivacious pair could not get together in Paris, they seized the opportunity of an accidental crossing in Brussels to make things up with bouquets, kisses, and a *rencontre* at a pastrycook's. And thus we are spared the fear of a meeting at dawn with pistols for two and coffee for one, which these twain were quite capable of arranging. And the Half-Optimistes are now whole again, without the least little cloud on the horizon.

Such a "let's kiss and be friends" decision emphasises that something like forty thousand words have been entirely wasted by the Anti-Kiss League, which has lately issued an annual report advancing statistical evidence that forty thousand germs, more or less maleficent, can be transmitted by a single kiss. Prospective kissers are urged to think forty thousand times before giving way to emotion, and, after this multiplication sum in thoughts, to abstain. But one flaming phrase of Rostand about kissing would banish all thoughts of those forty thousand microbes. That's where poets can always beat professors.

"The *Beret*"

It was a promising bit of news from Biarritz that the Prince had taken to wearing a *beret* during his holiday on the Basque coast. If there is one serviceable and really comfortable form of headgear for motoring and golfing, holiday-making, and sport generally, it is the *beret*, and the fact that the Prince has recognised its advantages should be sufficient for popularising it.

It may sound rather extravagant, but it is the fact that everybody, even the most sad-faced comedian, looks more high-spirited and altogether more likeable under the close-fitting peakless cap of the Basques. Most people become quite jaunty in appearance and, under this influence, no doubt, develop a jauntiness of manner that adds to the general stock of gaiety. Jean Borotra is a merry sprite naturally, but would he be half so attractive on the tennis courts without his *beret?* He never fails to get a special round of applause in Paris when he puts it on after starting without it.

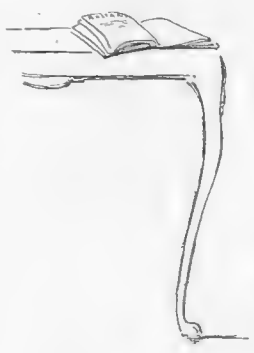
"There is a *brouille*"

Berets already must be a profitable line in export trade, for the Basque dealers are putting in linings for the "foreigners" — French visitors being just as much "foreigners" as the Spanish or British. If you want to wear them as the locals, however, you should snip the lining out; they have no use for it. As for the correct tilt, that depends on the shape of the nose.

Up at the Moulin Rouge there is a new revue, now that Mistinguett has left to indulge in foreign travels, and it would be hard to say what public it is intended for, the tourist or the Parisian. There has apparently been a combination in production, Earl Leslie providing for

the Anglo-Saxon spectator, and Jacques Charles for the native.

To my mind, both sections ought to be well satisfied as the combination has been adroitly managed. Just at the moment when the Parisian would begin to wonder whether he is not in London or New York, Earl Leslie steps back and Jacques Charles looms up with the *chez nous* material and then, before the Anglo-Saxon has time to feel that too great a strain is being placed on his unfamiliarity with French likes, Leslie produces Gina Palerme or something with the even more homely ring of the Eight Lancashire Lads.



There are Russians for the Slavs, while for the Spanish and the South Americans there is José Padilla, who plays "Valencia" as only he knows how to play it, having written it. There are people who look upon "Valencia" as an infliction, but with the Señor it is not at all like that. It is even possible to welcome a *bis*. On the whole, "Montmartre aux nues," as the revue is titled, is one of the best things of its sort.

"Prospective kissers are urged to think"

There is a fear in some quarters in Paris—it has been voiced notably by the leading critic Antoine—that the subventions may be withdrawn from what are regarded as the State theatres, the Opéra, the Comédie Française, the Opéra Comique, and the Odéon. Certain among the demagogues who consider themselves brilliant politicians are understood to have the intention of proposing to Parliament that the subventions shall be withdrawn and the money devoted to what are deemed "more urgent needs."

"The opportunity to make things up"

The last "most urgent need" which these limelight legislators discovered before they separated for a long holiday—which most Frenchmen would be prepared to extend indefinitely—was a bountiful increase in their own salaries, which they voted at a speed that has never been equalled in the voting of economies.

Between contributing towards the salaries of actors who act for the pleasure of the spectator and politicians whose acts drive him frantic, the French tax-payer would speak with no uncertain voice, and if asked to choose between shutting down the Comédie Française or the Chambre des Deputés, would not hesitate a second.

Those most trusty counsellors and friends, the *sommeliers,* who can guide even *gourmets* more surely through a wine list than they could steer themselves, have returned to Paris with the best news, gathered in a close scrutiny of the vineyards in seignorial Haute Bourgogne, smiling Beaujolais and fraternal Haute-Savoie.

It seems that though this year's harvest will be on the small side, wine will be excellent, which is ever so much better than an excess of poor stuff. They pronounce a special recommendation for the Burgundy of 1923, which should be available to you shortly. On this *tuyau* you will know what to ask for. But be sure you get it after asking.

René.

CONCERNING THE SWORD-LILY

I went to pass the week-end with the Joneses, out of town,
But very soon was wishing that I never had gone down;
For they took me in the garden (as if the scheme were planned),
And Jones said: "Don't you think my gladioluses are grand?"
Ere I could answer, said his son: "Oh, Dad, I wonder why
You never will remember that the plural's gladioli?"
Then Mrs. Jones said firmly: "Well, it always seems to me,
And I shall go on saying so, that they are gladioli."
Then burbled their old gardener-man, most genial of souls,
"I'm glad I 'old old-fashioned views—I call 'em gladioles."
"I know they're gladiolas, for I've seen it so, in print!"
Thus Minnie Jones, the daughter. But I set my heart as flint—
To take the part of one I must antagonise the rest;
So I temporised about it in the way that seemed the best,
And I hinted they should listen-in, as then perhaps they'd be
Enlightened by the Wireless Pronouncing Committee.
(Pray set the suburbs right in this, oh, you of B.B.C.)

Walter Jerrold.

Three Pictorial "Points" from "Tip-Toes"

KEEPING THE CREW BUSY

Miss Vera Bryer obliges with a little song and dance on board the good ship "Flamingo." The crew, who have apparently got an evening off, are kindly giving her every assistance. The new show is proving a great draw at the Winter Garden Theatre

Photographs

ARMS AND THE MAN

Miss Peggy Beaty (left) and Miss Lovey Lee as two amateur but enthusiastic dancing teachers stick closely to their new pupil, Steve Burton, the Glue King. Mr. Allen Kearns, who takes the last-named part, scores a big personal success

Stage Photo Co.

"APPAREL OFT PROCLAIMS THE—MUMMER"

Laddie Cliff (left) and John Kirby as Al and Hen Kaye, two-thirds of the "Three Kayes," refined Vaudeville artistes, after dressing the part of society swells according to their own ideas. Hen apparently finds the sight of a red golf coat allied to a bowler a little too much for his gravity

The Camera's Card from North Berwick

THE HON. PATRICK CHICHESTER

MISS MACKINNON (left), LADY BAIRD, MRS. EYRES, MISS JEAN BAIRD, AND MISS R. CURTIS

Photographs

LORD WEYMOUTH AND THE HON. DAPHNE VIVIAN

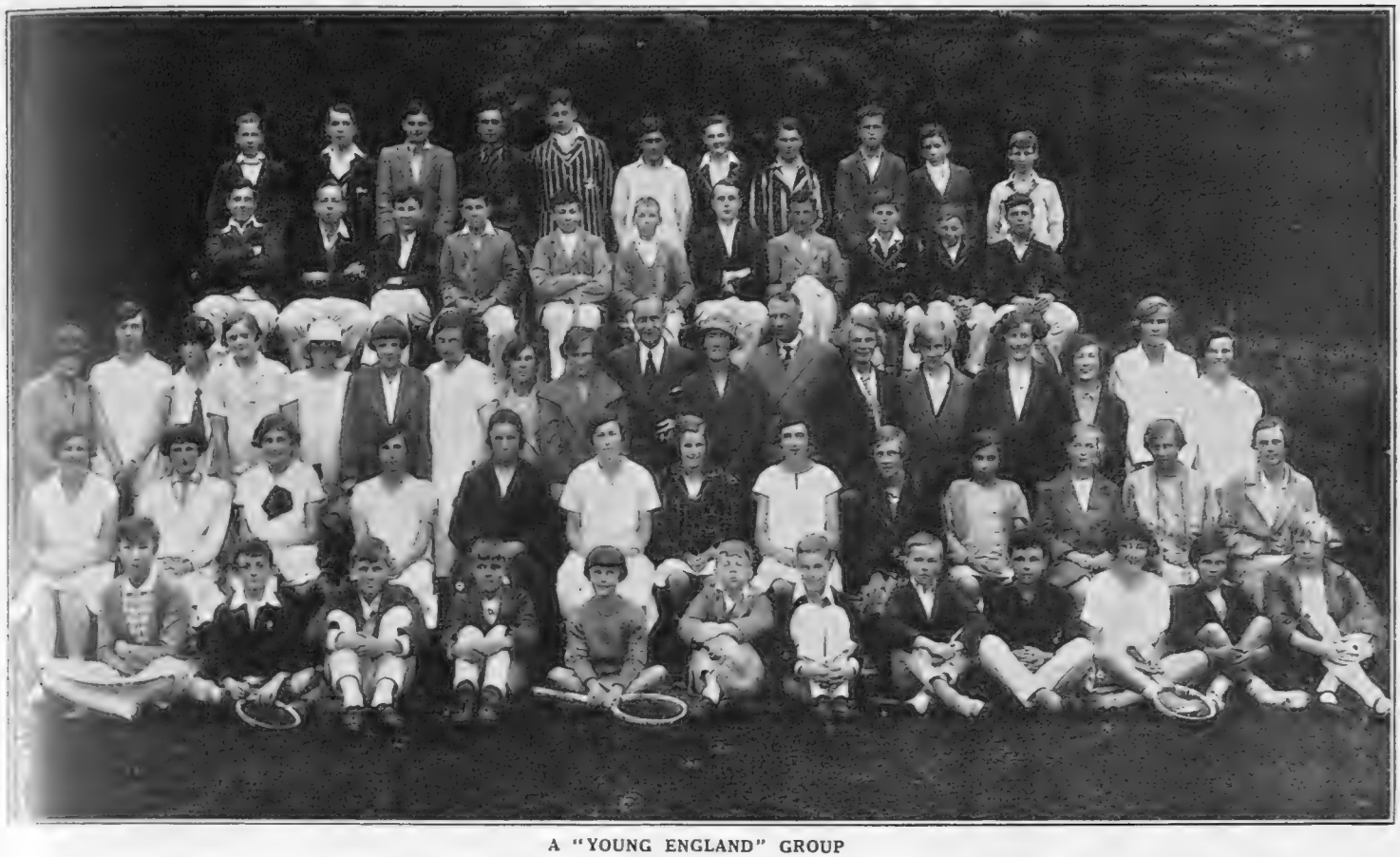
MRS. JOHN LODER

J. C. H. Balmain

MR. HUMPHREY BRAND (left) AND LORD PELHAM

North Berwick, one of the most popular of our northern golfing centres, is filled to overflowing with keen players who find relaxation and sport on its links. Above are seen some of the many people who have been busy with the club there during September reducing their handicaps. This year the North Berwick course is playing as well as it has ever done

A Foursome from Courts and Links



A "YOUNG ENGLAND" GROUP

A gathering of some of the competitors in the Malvern Juvenile Tennis Tournament. The Juvenile Worcestershire Championship for Girls was won by Miss D. E. Round, and the Boys' by Mr. D. Butler

Sport and General

AN OXFORD DRIVE

R. M. Maclaren who recently won the Queen Victoria Jubilee Vase at St Andrew's. In the final he beat Capt. B. O. Hutchinson by 3 and 1

Central News

THE REWARD OF VICTORY

E. R. Avory who won the Boys' Singles in the Junior Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon. He is the junior champion of Middlesex

Sport and General

THE WINNER OF THE 'TASSIE"

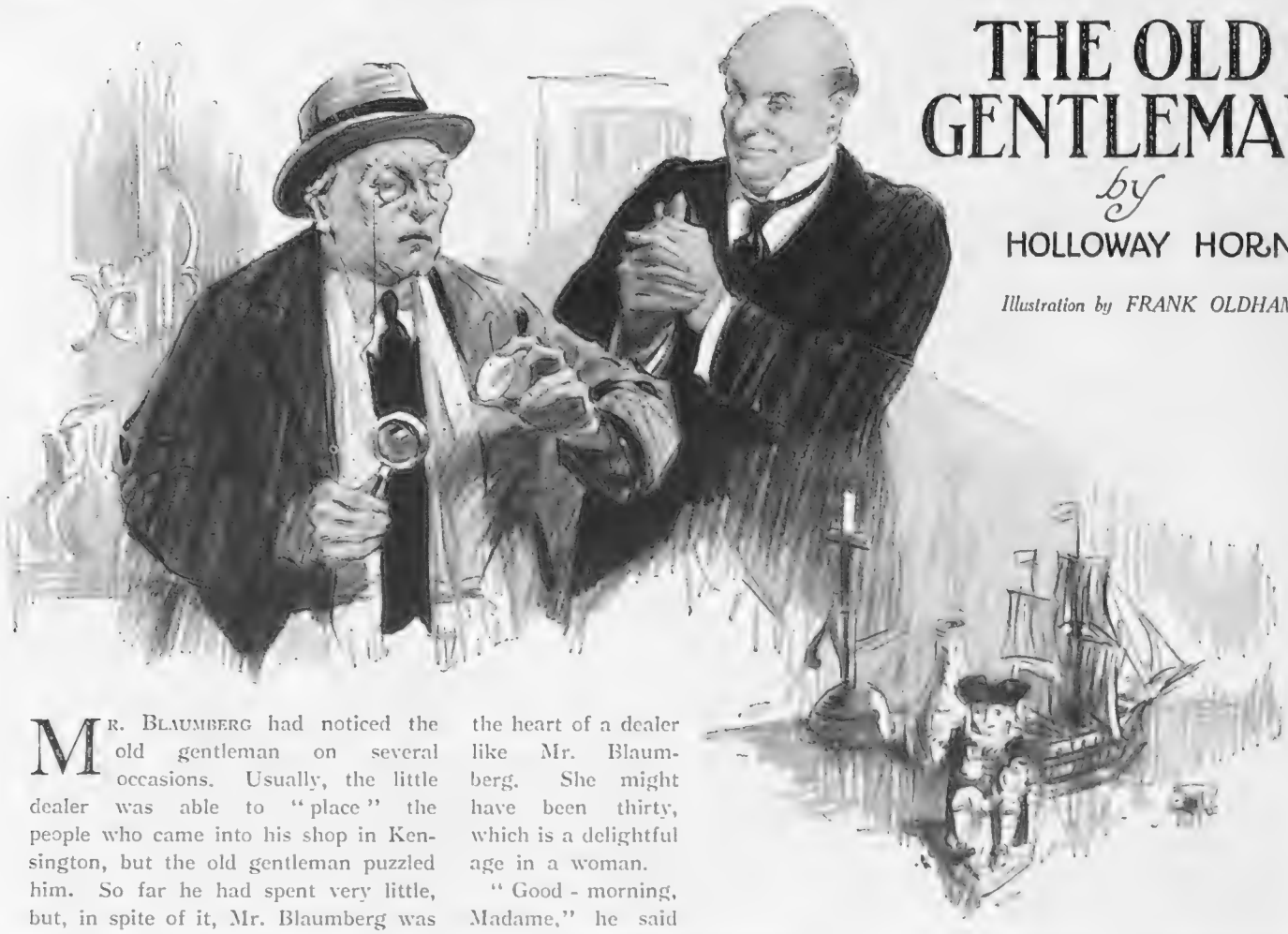
G. D. Hannay who won the Silver Tassie at Gleneagles. He played the two rounds in 75 and 79

THE OLD GENTLEMAN

by

HOLLOWAY HORN

Illustration by FRANK OLDHAM



MR. BLAUMBERG had noticed the old gentleman on several occasions. Usually, the little dealer was able to "place" the people who came into his shop in Kensington, but the old gentleman puzzled him. So far he had spent very little, but, in spite of it, Mr. Blaumberg was certain that he was a man of means.

He was interested, the dealer learnt, in old English miniatures. It was a subject of which the latter's knowledge was very limited. Mr. Blaumberg could and did hold his own where prints, coins, silver, china or furniture were concerned, but the sudden fashionable craze for miniatures had caught him unprepared.

There were very few in his stock, and these the old gentleman waved aside contemptuously:

"A Cosway?" He smiled a wise smile as he repeated Mr. Blaumberg's description of a miniature which had come into his hands but an hour or so before, and shook his head. "It may be ivory," he said, turning the miniature over, "but I think it looks too white to be old. The lace is simply so many blobs of Chinese white and hair was laid on as a wash. Cosway painted each hair. . . . It is not even a good imitation, my friend."

Sadly, he put the miniature down and turned away.

Mr. Blaumberg was cross. He had paid seven pounds for the miniature . . . and it was a fake. And your dealer, the world over, hates to be floored by a collector. If only the old chap would talk about china or furniture. . .

The following day a lady entered the discreet little shop. She was a charming lady with that faintly opulent appearance which brings a gentle glow to the heart of a dealer like Mr. Blaumberg. She might have been thirty, which is a delightful age in a woman.

"Good-morning, Madame," he said in his most deferential manner.

"Good morning. You are a dealer in miniatures? You understand miniatures?" There was something sharp and business-like in her manner not quite in keeping with her appearance.

Mr. Blaumberg hesitated, for the memory of the old gentleman, faintly contemptuous, came into his mind.

"I . . . I know something of them," he admitted.

"Then you can do me a great favour. This is an Isaac Oliver . . ." She fumbled in her bag and produced a small parcel in tissue paper. Mr. Blaumberg watched her as she undid it.

Very carefully, he examined it. It was beautiful. The ivory was yellowish; the frame of quaintly wrought gold.

"It is very nice . . . I should say," he said. "You wish to sell it?"

"No. That is exactly what I do not wish to do. If I did there are a hundred connoisseurs in London who would jump at it. I am in need of a temporary loan—a small one—ten pounds. If you will let me have ten pounds on the security of the miniature I will redeem it on Friday by the payment of *twelve*."

"Surely you should have taken it to a pawnbroker? He would not have charged you such a rate."

"I doubt if many pawnbrokers know enough of a miniature to appreciate that it is worth even as much as ten pounds. It is a portrait of my great-grandmother.

"It is irregular . . ." said Mr. Blaumberg, who was thinking of the old gentleman again. He was almost certain to be in during the next day or so. He might even want to buy it . . .

The lady shrugged her shoulders. "You make a profit of two pounds. Surely you have adequate security!"

"To oblige you," said Mr. Blaumberg, and turned to his desk.

"I have written out a receipt. Perhaps you will sign it?"

The lady handed him a sheet of notepaper. She was staying, he noticed, at a near-by hotel.

"I hereby acknowledge the receipt of a Miniature by Oliver, in a gold frame, to be returned to Miss Ellen Trebarth in payment of £12 on Friday next."

"Yes. That seems all right," he said, and signed the note.

After all, two pounds is two pounds, even to Mr. Blaumberg; he was satisfied with the deal apart from the effect the miniature might have on the old gentleman.

When she had gone, he examined the miniature again. Had it not been for his experience with the old gentleman he would have had no doubt of its genuineness, but the more he scrutinised it, the more he was sure that it was the right stuff.

The next morning the old gentleman went by without entering the shop. The morning after, as he was looking in the window, Mr. Blaumberg asked

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(*Continued on page 676*)

For strength and vigour

She who drinks Horlick's Malted Milk regularly plays a better game. The woman who lacks energy feels the strain. Moreover, she often looks it.

To drink Horlick's consistently means to keep your appearance even after the fastest game. Such a food-drink as Horlick's—made from fresh milk and choice extracts of wheat and malted barley—builds up brain, nerve and muscle.

Horlick's gives strength to enjoy the game for the game's sake. It gives energy to be strenuous gracefully.

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Ready in a moment with hot or cold water.

Restaurants and cafés of standing serve Horlick's.

10

him to be so good as to step inside. "I've got something I should like you to see," he explained. "I think it is an Isaac Oliver of the best period."

The old gentleman smiled. "Once I, too, imagined I had happened upon an Oliver. I will see it, however, with pleasure."

Mr. Blaumberg watched him as his long tapering fingers felt the painting. The old gentleman changed his glasses and returned to his inspection. He held it up to the light. He took from his pocket an ancient magnifying glass.

"This may be a more powerful one," said Mr. Blaumberg helpfully offering his own. He could see that the old gentleman was impressed by the miniature.

"Yes, it is," the other agreed, and for a further two minutes there was silence in that discreet little shop.

It was broken by the old gentleman who said, solemnly:

"This is a better specimen of the miniaturist than South Kensington possesses." There was no hesitation in his verdict; he spoke with the sureness of the expert.

"You think it is a genuine Oliver, then?" the dealer asked.

"It *is* genuine," said the other, and reverently placed it on the little plush-lined shelf from which Mr. Blaumberg had taken it. "What are you asking for it?" he went on.

"I'm afraid it isn't for sale," said Mr. Blaumberg blandly.

The old gentleman glanced sharply at the dealer. "I will give you two hundred guineas for it," he said.

Mr. Blaumberg shook his head. He was secretly pleased that he had been right about the old gentleman's money.

"It isn't mine, unfortunately," he said.

"But surely you have an option on it?"

Again Mr. Blaumberg shook his head.

"Come now," said the old gentleman, for he was apparently learned in the devious ways of dealers. "I've made you an exceedingly good offer. I'll go to two hundred and fifty . . . but that is my limit. My absolute limit."

"What I tell you is quite true," said Mr. Blaumberg in a hurt voice. "A young lady brought it here and left it with me as security for a small loan."

"She may not come back?"

"No such luck, I'm afraid."

"If you could put me into touch with her, I would gladly pay you a commission.

"I'm afraid I couldn't do business on those lines," smiled Mr. Blaumberg. "I shall make every endeavour to buy it, of course, particularly now that you endorse my opinion. But I'm very doubtful whether she will sell. It is a portrait of the young lady's great-grandmother."

"When will you know? Mark you, two hundred and fifty is my absolute limit."

It was patent that the old gentleman did not believe the dealer, but dealers are long-suffering men, accustomed to people who take what they say with a little salt.

"I shall know on Saturday morning," said Mr. Blaumberg. "But I do not promise to let you have it at the figure you mention. Its owner has, I suspect, a fair idea of its value."

The old gentleman hesitated. Mr. Blaumberg knew the signs . . . that passionate *itch* of the collector to acquire.

"Two-seventy-five . . . at a pinch," said the old gentleman.

"Saturday morning," smiled Mr. Blaumberg, calmly confident that the fish was on his hook.

He rang up his solicitor and told him of the note he had signed. "Supposing she doesn't come in on Friday, what about it?"

"You mean, can you refuse to hand over the article on Monday—say—if she demands it?"

"Yes."

"In law, you can."

"Good! By-bye!"

But the legal point did not arise, for, greatly to Mr. Blaumberg's disappointment, the young lady entered his shop early Friday evening. She was a very matter-of-fact young lady—Mr. Blaumberg noted that out of the corner of his eye as she took the notes and his receipt from her bag.

"Thank you very much!" she said as she placed them on the Queen Anne table which took the place of the counter seen in less discreet shops.

"I suppose you don't wish to sell this miniature?" he asked.

"No," she said.

"A pity. I have a client who has fallen in love with it. It is of no great value, but he is a man who can afford to pay for his fancies. He has offered sixty guineas for it. Frankly, I regard the offer as Quixotic, but I thought I would place it before you. I could give you fifty-five . . . leaving a commission of five."

"You are very good, but as I told you, it is a picture of my great-grandmother."

"Even so, sixty guineas is not to be sneezed at. If it were mine I should have asked thirty for it."

"The money would be very useful, but there is such a thing as sentiment."

"Sure!" agreed Mr. Blaumberg. "But there is also such a thing as duty to one's self. I tell you what. I'll ring up my client. If he goes to a hundred . . . what then? It's a chance of a lifetime at sixty, but as I said, he is very keen on it."

"A hundred guineas," said the girl dreamily. "A hundred and five pounds . . ."

"It's a risk, but I'll chance my client going to a hundred," prevaricated Mr. Blaumberg. "I could let you have cash . . . now. See!" He opened a drawer and took out a bundle of five-pound notes. He knew exactly how to display them to bring into full play their mesmeric power. It was an old trick of his.

"I . . . I'll take it . . ." she gasped. "I said I never would . . ."

"Very wise," said Mr. Blaumberg, and fell to counting the notes. He had a knack of making each one rustle. It is a pleasant sound.

"Nineteen," he said, "that's ninety-five. You've had ten already, as a loan. Actually, of course, you owe me twelve, but we'll say ten."

"Thank you!" said the girl.

"So I take the receipt and keep the miniature and hand these to you and the deal is done."

Mr. Blaumberg handed over the notes with an air.

"I don't *like* letting it go," the girl said miserably.

"But you are wise to do so. Very wise," said Mr. Blaumberg and watched her as she went slowly out of the shop.

Mr. Blaumberg rubbed his hands together. It was a smart deal. Old gentlemen who could offer two hundred and seventy-five "at a pinch" could be stung for rather more when they really wanted something.

But Mr. Blaumberg was disappointed, for the old gentleman came not again to the shop. A week or so later the dealer took the miniature to the big museum round the corner. The Great Authority there was deeply interested in it. It was the cleverest fake he had ever seen.

H. H.

During a funeral address a clergyman at Leeds is reported to have said, "His memory will always be flagrant." Perhaps he was burying some profiteer.

. . . . . .

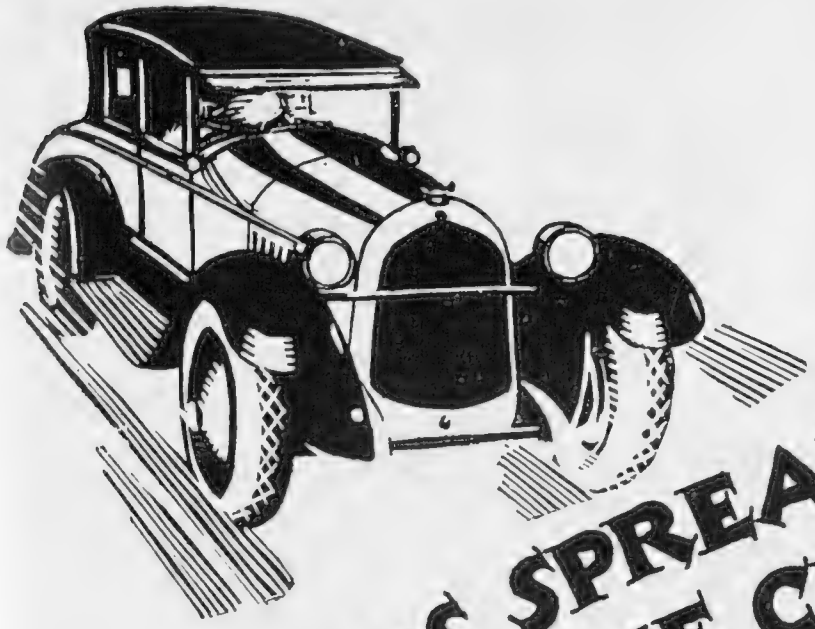
A lady golfer has become a professional. We trust that her new occupation will suit her to a tee.

. . . . . .

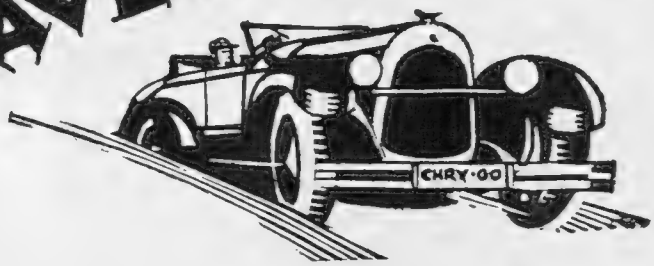
Football referees, we are told, are usually very abstemious. Yet, of course, there are occasions when it is legitimate for them to wet their whistle.

. . . . . .

To-day's profound meditation: It is infinitely better, wiser and safer to play a round with her husband than to fool around with his wife.



THE NEWS SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE - THE CHRYSLER SIXTIES HAVE ARRIVED!



A NEW CHRYSLER! The far-famed Seventy's small brother — the 3-litre Chrysler Sixty! A Chrysler — with all that name implies—for £398! A sweet, silent, effortless sixty miles an hour. Again — a lightning-quick acceleration. Again — hydraulic four-wheel brakes. Again—a vibrationless six-cylindered engine with seven-bearing crankshaft. Every touch of engineering genius that made the name of Chrysler famous within a year, are all to be found again—in the new Sixty. And at a price which brings the joy of Chrysler ownership within the reach of every motorist! Study the Sixty personally at any Chrysler dealers. Take her on the road—without cost or commitment. Put her to any test you like. And then—ask yourself this question. Is there any other car in the world which gives such performance—for the price of the Chrysler Sixty?

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21/60 HP CHRYSLER '60'

Touring Car	£398
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23/75 HP CHRYSLER '70'
Prices range from £468 upwards

29/95 HP CHRYSLER '80'
Prices range from £868 upwards

Write to Chrysler Motors Ltd. 4 Chrysler Works, Kew Gdns., Surrey, for catalogue of the above cars

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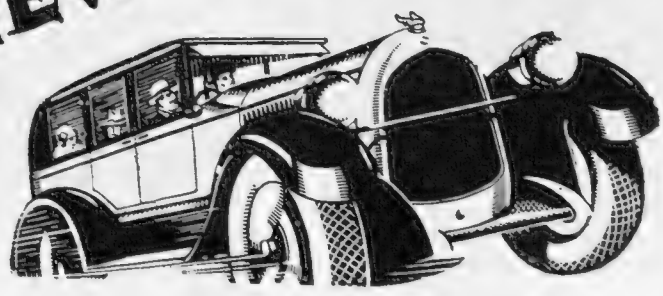
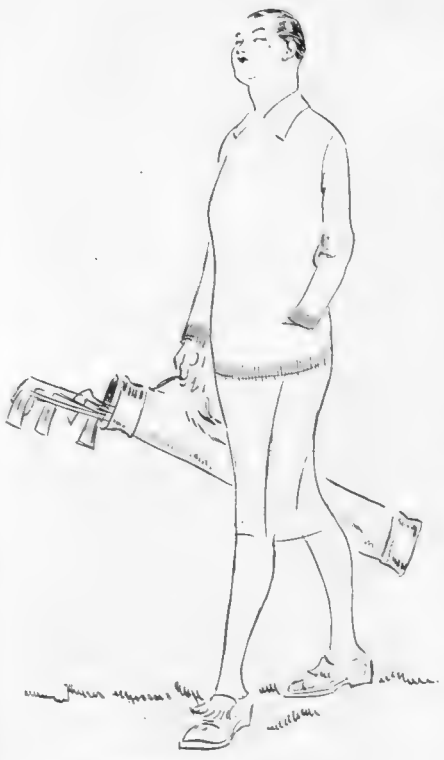


AREN'T WOMEN LUCKY?

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*



"Rashness of an Eton crop"

LONDON, *September* 20.

DEAR COUSIN—

Do women really have a better time than men, I wonder? Someone's been saying so, anyway—a man, of course. Swears and declares, he does, that they've not only got all the jobs going if they want to, except, perhaps, being parsonettes (though what about Maude Royden and such like?), but all sorts of privileges as permitted to the really weak women of the Middle Ages as well, like men giving 'em their seats in trains and trams, and first helpings of food, and the most sheltered place in the car, and all that sort of thing.

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LIKEWISE, and also not altogether unworthy of mention, simply heaps of more or less invisible influence (at any rate, to the paltry male victim thereof) in the way of keeping them in order and generally running for them their simple and ingenuous little lives. As, for instance, a firm and stern censorship of dress and fashions, which they say has led to the abolishment of quite lots of spats as previously and inadvisedly worn by doubtless somewhat conspicuously and unornamentally long-footed M.P.s.

NOT that the hand that pushed the pram didn't always more or less rock the world, as the saying goes, or words to that effect. Even when Algernon and Gus wore those great, long, weepy whiskers and peg-top trousers and little, short tail coats, and the coy Doras or Susans were swathed in voluminous masses of bustled and be-braided skirts and monster chignons with a little tiny hat perched on top . . . they actually used to buy *extra* hair those days, and it cost 'em *much* less than having it cut off does now . . . Even then those meek, modest maids and matrons of the hidden ankle and downcast eye somehow managed to run quite a lot of things if rumour and Thackeray and people are to be believed. Not to mention those still more ancient times when they wore ruffs and farthingales, or togas and peplons for that matter, in the B.C. days.

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BUT that was all more or less a subterranean subterfuge, so to speak, whereas now *on dit* we're admittedly and openly masters, not to say mistresses, of the sit. all the time. And very nice, too, for the world I mean, which is what I suppose one ought always nobly and altruistically to consider. Simply terribly good for things in general to have really quick brains that are all untrammelled by sticky old tradition and convention somewhere around at the head of affairs. But terribly wearing, too, sometimes, for them as does it—and I'm not sure they aren't really to be envied some ways, those fluffy ones who still insist on being fascinatingly helpless and getting everything done for them, which is a once-waning wheeze that still seems to work quite well, at any rate *chez* the chivalrous very young or very old. Midway, alas! lie the cold and clear-eyed cynics, *n'est-ce pas?*

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BUT, no, dear Cousin, after all, and taking it big and large, as the ancient trope or saying runs, methinks we are really a bit lucky just this very moment to have hit on this sort of open-air heritage—a heritage partly of the war, don't let's altogether forget—when every woman that matters has positively got to work at something, even if it's only giving parties and things. And puts all her cards on the table to start with, or most of them (I don't mean merely in the way of dress, though, of course, that's a quite good push-off in the tendency or direction of frankness, what?). Really do think, you know, that with stays and scents and sweeping skirts and huge hats (no one really wears those ever any more, though occasionally donned by the uninstructed rich at Ascot) and all the other pre-war elaborations, we've managed to drop, eke, and likewise, some considerable amount of rather hateful stuffiness.

卐

AND even if there *are* some rather melancholy exhibitions around at first nights and things, of the rashness of an Eton crop when you've got a criminal head and a straight-down frock as applied to what the Victorians called a fine figure—well, on the whole, meseems, we've acquired heaps and heaps more on the swings than we've lost on the roundabouts, to quote the popular phrase or periphrasis. And the more

(*Continued on page* 680)

"Wonders will never cease

FAMOUS SPORTING CLUBS OF THE WORLD

THE LONDON AEROPLANE CLUB

Big movements have little beginnings, and the London Aeroplane Club, the first of the Light Aeroplane Clubs, was founded by the Royal Aero Club in August, 1925, with just a plain aeroplane shed on the De Havilland Aerodrome at Edgware. Its opening marked the birth of a new era in which the light aeroplane is destined to become as commonplace as the more expensive cars. Already five other Light Aeroplane Clubs have been opened in the provinces, and the rush to learn to fly is so great that most of them have heavy waiting lists.

Morning and evening, seven days a week when the weather is fine, the little fleet of tiny De Havilland "Moths" with which these clubs are equipped, buzz like bees round the aerodromes. Pupils of both sexes and all ages from seventeen to seventy wait their turn for half an hour's instruction from the busy, overworked instructors. After a minimum of eight hours dual control they fly "solo" and prepare to pass tests for the Royal Aero Club Certificate and the Air Ministry Licence. Then perhaps they buy machines of their own and use them for "week-ending" about the country, keeping them folded up in sheds no bigger than small garages.

Stockbrokers straight from the city in top hats, Society women from some Mayfair luncheon party, undergraduates, students, lawyers, business men, all stream to the aerodrome on fine afternoons and evenings to take their part in the new movement of "flying for all," which is still in its infancy and of which the ultimate development can hardly be imagined.

It is safe to prophesy, however, that from the little shed at Edgware has sprung a new development in modern civilisation that, before many years are past, will be comparable to motoring itself.

By Appointment.

John Haig
THE FATHER OF ALL SCOTCH WHISKIES
ESTABLISHED 1627

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we show our legs the more leave we have, it would appear, to show our brains if any. Which seems really rather a delightful compromise or combination if you come to think of it, and rather delightfully making the best of both worlds, so to speak.

And talking about fashions, simply masses of people seem to've been rushing over to Paris lately to buy themselves new autumn frocks, whereof the dress parades are going to start in London, too, quite soon. All our best-talked-of actresses, to begin with, such as Fay and Tallulah and others—and p'raps they'll bring back with them to the stage (and possibly thence to the stalls) the newest Parisian *passim* for that old, old vogue of everything that's black. Black velvet coats with black fur and black and white check skirts, and black evening frocks and cloaks of velvet, too, with black and white fur . . . It all sounds quite too fascinatingly expensive and *distingué, n'est-ce pas?*

"Men giving their seats in trains and trams"

They say bare legs are being worn again, too, in *La Ville Lumière,* complete with ankle bracelets, like the one that one of our peeresses wore so much more decently and Britishly the other day on the Lido under her stocking. But am afraid such costly economies can only be practised with profit under Paris sunshine, don't you think? Over in France, I mean, they rather reverently worship Fashion and her decrees. Here in England now—well, we've got a sort of robust and healthy human, as they call it, that brushes all these sort of fanciful cobwebs firmly aside.

Or, for that matter, I think, in America—*they've* got the same sort of nice breezy and not too terribly subtle sort of humour blowing around. I mean, at any rate, to judge by this new farce by Anita Loos called *The Whole Town's Talking,* that I went to see the other night at the Strand. Simply adore Anita, I do, and she's been a perfect godsend apparently to all sorts of slightly weary writers, as well as readers, who've found her style (like all of us) intensely intreeging. But Anita's young, and her play's at least three years old, I'm told, and in three years you grow up quite a lot, don't you? At any rate, they say so if you only start early enough. All the same, quite a lot of people laughed quite a lot, and perhaps I had a liver, though it didn't feel like it afterwards at the Kit-Cat, and, anyway, it takes all sorts to make an audience, as they say.

"Showing more leg"

Apropos of which simple pastimes, dancing after the theatre, I mean, it appeareth, or, at any rate, I venture, more or less, to draw the deduction, that people don't all always altogether want to be quite so devastatingly late, as it once seemed becoming to be. To judge, that is, by Mr. Clifford Whitley (the genial Co-Optimist) or some one's decision that the Midnight Follies show shan't start at midnight any more, but begin with a perfectly good dinner at somewhere about a reasonable hour—which *ukase* or ordinance came into force, by the way, this very Monday night as ever is. And rather nice reflection, too, you know, in its way for us of mere ordinary means. To know, that is, that if we *did* decide to take the last Tube home we could. We never *do,* of course, but that isn't quite the point, is it? Whereas if the show definitely starts at midnight we clearly know beforehand that we're in for a real late night, and somehow one likes to choose that for oneself rather than have it chosen for one, what?

Apropos of cabaret shows and suchlike, haven't perceived any intense emptiness at them lately, not so's you'd notice, though according to all the best authorities London's still fearfully empty at this time of year, and all given over to Americans and Cook's tourists and people who come from the wilds of the country where gaiters and long skirts are still all the rage, and all that sort of thing. But even if Scotland stands where it did—and, by the way, the Northern Meeting at Inverness this week rather finishes things—London's never so absolutely empty now ever as in the old days, when cars hadn't been invented, or even when people hadn't quite realised exactly how to use them. To dash into town for a night or so—it's not such an impossibility now; in fact, all in the day's work, even in the midst of a rural stay somewhere in the midst of nowhere.

There's peace now, they say, at last positive world-peace, in spite of the way these foreign swimmers keep rushing across the Channel. For the Germans are really in the League of Nations at last, and dear M. Briand made a beautiful speech to welcome them . . . whereat, we repeat once more, I think, the ancient *cliché* or query about whether wonders will ever cease. And so, sure, everything's gonna be all right, as they put it in one of the very latest prospective pantomime songs, or as also sung in other words, I'm sitting on top of the world.

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

"Miles to the Gallon"

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The Call of the Out of Doors and

YOUTH TO THE "FORE" *L.N.A.*

Some of the competitors in the Girls' Golf Championship at Stoke Poges on whom the solemnity of the occasion apparently did not weigh too heavily. The group includes Miss S. Esmond, Miss B. Strohmenger, Miss D. Pearson, Miss V. Pat Moss, Miss W. M. Berry, Miss M. Ramsden (the runner-up), Miss V. C. Wynn Lamb and Miss J. M. Forsyth

I.B.

THE WINNER

Miss Diana Esmond, of Paris, who won the Girls' Golf Championship at Stoke Poges last week. In the final round she beat Miss M. Ramsden by 6 and 5

Photopress

A WINNING WAY

Miss Joan Bickley the ten-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs Kyffin Bickley, of Grafton, near Shrewsbury, photographed with a group of colleagues. She has more than 130 riding successes in competitions in all parts of the country to her credit, and was only seven when she secured her first win

Some of Those Who Have Answered It

VICTORIOUS VETERANS *L.N.A.*

Harry Vardon (left) and J. H. Taylor, the veteran English golfers, who beat the Scots, James Braid and Sandy Herd, at St. Albans last week. This was a sequel to a match between the four twenty-one years ago which the Englishmen won

Sport and General

A PICTURE CARD FROM A NEW PACK

The first meet of Mr. A. Dalgety's Staghounds at "The Hare and Hounds," Wolverton, in Hampshire. The photograph shows Mr. J. King, the First Whip, on the left, and Mr. A. Dalgety, the Master

THE ROD AND THE PERCH *Central Press*

Lord Allenby finds a somewhat precarious stance whilst trying to lure the salmon from their home. The photograph was taken on the Tay at Stanley, where Lord Allenby has been spending a fishing holiday

BEFORE THE RUN *Sport and General*

Sir Nelson Rycroft, Bart., and Mr. A. Dalgety photographed at the inaugural meet of the latter's staghounds at Wolverton. Mr. Dalgety has been Master of the Vine since 1924

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

By "The Tout"

LIEUT.-COLONEL T. CARTHEW

The owner of Balderston and other horses trained by Stanley Wootton at Epsom. The trainer is seen in the background conversing with a jockey

Aga Khan's Choice

Two or three races have yet to be run which should throw some interesting light on Cesarewitch prospects, notably the Newbury Autumn Cup. The Aga Khan can choose between Vermilion Pencil and Dark Japan in this race. About the latter we do not know a great deal, except that he rendered a distinctly creditable account of himself when finishing third in the Prince Edward Handicap a few weeks ago. On that form, however, there is no reason to suppose that he will beat Mafoota. Vermilion Pencil misbehaved himself so badly at Liverpool in the summer that it was naturally inferred that he had acquired a sharp distaste for racing, but he did nothing wrong when running later for the Doncaster Cup, and apparently he is himself again. You will notice that the Aga Khan's four-year-old is well handicapped with Foxlaw on Saturday. They are set to meet at even weights, whereas in the Cesarewitch Foxlaw receives 6 lb. from the other. Considering that Foxlaw was installed favourite for the Cesarewitch at a comparatively short price last week we may infer that **Vermilion Pencil** has been given an excellent winning chance in the Newbury Cup, and I make him my selection.

A Big Nursery

Another attractive event at Newbury will be the Highclere Nursery on Friday. It is never an easy matter to spot the winner of this race, but this time I am rather confident that **Cresta Run** will give her backers a good run for their money. The filly has failed so far to run up to the big reputation she possesses at home, but she is favourably placed in the handicap at Newbury, and I expect her to make amends for some of the disappointments she has occasioned. On the same afternoon the Lambourne Handicap may be won by **Orbindos.** For the Whatcombe Handicap on the second day I fancy **Poliwog,** who only just missed getting a place in the Portland Handicap at Doncaster. **Embargo** looks to have a soft task in the Kingsclere Plate, and success here will not give him a penalty for the Cambridgeshire.

At Gatwick

The mid-week fixture is Gatwick. The first day's card includes the Stayers' Handicap, in which a few of the minor Cesarewitch horses will be on view. You will recall that last year this race was won by Tatra, who went on to capture the Jockey Club Stakes in the following week, and would probably have won the Cesarewitch as well had she kept sound. This week I shall look for the winner in the lower half of the handicap, and suggest that he may be found in **St. Mary's Kirk,** a three-year-old who apparently possesses good stamina as well as a touch of class. The Doncaster running points to the likelihood of the success of **Acier** in the Crawter Nursery, while in the County Nursery on the second day of the meeting that attractive colt **General Smuts** may give the weight away all round.

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Vitality *and* Virol-and-Milk

LYDIA SOKOLOVA—"QUEEN OF ENGLISH DANCERS." [*Photo by Lenare.*

BEHIND THE SCENES *at the* RUSSIAN BALLET

It is only when one talks to the Stars of the Russian Ballet off the stage that one realises the secret of their charm. They are artists on the stage and off. They are as devoted to music and painting as to dancing. They are great artistic personalities and they live for their Art.

Few of their admirers have any idea how arduous that life is and the enormous demand which it makes upon vitality. Unable to take anything but the lightest meal before the exertion of dancing, Sokolova, Woizikovsky and Lifar find in Virol-and-Milk a food which is both tremendously sustaining and perfectly digestible. In their own words they state that "Virol-and-Milk is excellent for preventing both physical and nervous exhaustion."

Their example is a fine one to follow. All those who feel the strain of work or of sport, or who suffer from any form of nervous exhaustion, will profit enormously by Virol-and-Milk.

Science and the Fashionable Shoe

Smarter Shoes, Greater Comfort—How a new Science is solving the "foot comfort" problem.

Babers of Oxford Street, Pioneers of Scientific Foot fitting, explain how to be comfortable, though fashionable.

ONCE women endured agony for the sake of fashion. While this can no longer be said of the modern woman and her clothes, it is still lamentably true of her footwear.

The fact is that nearly all foot troubles or discomfort arise simply from wearing shoes which are neither made nor fitted correctly. Yet how many people realise that every time they buy shoes they are courting discomfort, and even running a grave risk of permanently injuring their feet, or causing malformations which may seriously affect their health and happiness throughout life? That is the fault of a system which allows unqualified people, entirely without the necessary scientific knowledge, to deal with the intricate problem of fitting the foot correctly.

In appearance merely a smart little Shoe, but—

Professional Men as Foot Fitters.

Even the most casual visitor to BABERS of OXFORD STREET would see at once how completely different is this place from the ordinary shoe shop.

You have professional men engaged in fitting feet—not merely salesmen eager to sell shoes. You find a system of fitting based on scientific facts—not merely a process of "trying-on," based on guesswork. Exactly the right shoe for your foot is selected out of over 100 different fittings—not the "nearest" out of a dozen or so stock sizes. You can prove for yourself by X-Rays that the shoe *is* right before you buy it, instead of wishing it had been when it is too late.

No Sacrifice of Style.

The two illustrations show one of Babers' methods of giving complete relief and support to the foot which has been weakened or has a tendency to flatness or tiredness—*without making the slightest difference to the smart appearance of the shoe*

You will see how the specially-constructed supports are built *into* the shoe, between the inner and outer soles—quite invisible and entirely independent of the style of shoe required.

—concealed in the sole is the secret of its comfort.

This is the principle of Babers' Super Arch Preserver Shoes—and these, of course, are fitted exactly to the foot, in the same way as *all* Babers' shoes are fitted.

Babers suggest that you call and ask their advice—you may be interested in a demonstration, which will gladly be given free.

See for yourself -at Babers of Oxford St.

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Babers suggest that you visit 309, Oxford Street, and see for yourself. Even if it is merely your wish to look round, see a demonstration or ask advice, you will not be asked to purchase unless you particularly wish to do so.

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All the Fun of the Circus

BY E. T. REED

The circus treatment of traffic is surely susceptible to more cheery and appropriate stage-management, in keeping with the "Ring" idea

A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

To those who are familiar with *The Forsyte Saga* most of the characters in Mr. Galsworthy's new novel, *The Silver Spoon* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), will be old friends. There is Soames Forsyte, now reaching three score and ten; there is his daughter Fleur; and there is her husband, Michael Mont, once in the publishing trade, but now a back-bencher in Parliament committed to a new policy called Foggartism, which aims at the elimination of unemployment. These three are swept into an action for libel—a stupid business in itself, though undeniably dramatic—and during its unfolding Mr. Galsworthy not only manages to give an accurate, if occasionally rather ill-natured, picture of what passes for "Society" to-day, but also illustrates that conflict between husband and wife which so often arises when the man's career is in question.

As for the libel, Mr. Galsworthy probably made it petty on purpose. Fleur is called a snob and a climber in her own house, and writes one or two ill-advised letters about the speaker. Marjorie Ferrar might never have brought the action if she had not been hard up. Of the two women, one's sympathy goes more easily towards the prosecutor, in spite of her "modern" and "expensive" ways. The action ends disastrously for her, because she will not deny that she has had what the courts apparently call a *liaison*. Dear old Soames has spent a great deal of his time attempting to keep the thing out of court, and one is extremely sorry for both him and Fleur's husband when the inevitable happens. "Society" may spend its time, as Mr. Galsworthy seems to think, in politely slandering itself, but if the protection of the courts is claimed its members are inclined to be angry. Fleur wins the case, but she and her very innocent husband receive the cold shoulder—a fact which tends to widen the rift between them. The outcome of it all remains untold, though Soames, like the really splendid old man that he is, is persuaded to take his daughter round the world.

The story, then, is not finished yet, and that is all to the good, for we do want to know the result of that world voyage. We want to know what Michael is going to make of his life, inside Parliament and without; and if Fleur is going to overcome the handicap of having been born with a silver spoon in her mouth. It can be rather a dangerous gift, that spoon. Most people would like to have it given to them, but if they become its possessor they must really give something away in return. That, I suppose, is what Mr. Galsworthy would have us understand.

The Silver Spoon is not his best book, but it leaves one satisfied and intrigued. It makes one think about this post-war country of ours, in a slightly uncomfortable way, perhaps, but sanely and without too much bias. It makes one see that if a novel's first duty is to tell a story, it is almost equally important for that story to be woven about a clear theme. The Forsytes and their relations and friends are in the foreground, but behind them is something much bigger and more important than any one family.

Periodically one's attention is drawn to South African affairs. The Prince of Wales tours the country, or there is a strike on the Rand. There is trouble with the Indians, or Rhodesia refuses to do something or other, or the Union Jack will not do for a flag. There are even rumours of secession. The average Englishman reads of general elections and British interests and the colour problem, and does not remember which party is in power, or what the politicians are arguing about. Truth to say, he is not very interested. Extraordinary tales may reach him of diamonds or gold, but—it is all rather far away, and how can he be expected to know very much?

I confess that I did not open Mrs. Millin's new book, *The South Africans* (Constable: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), with very much enthusiasm. Just another book, I supposed, about a country in which I was not particularly interested. Another book, yes; but a wholly exceptional book it proved to be: the sort of "geography" book which, had I been given it at school, would have made me a geographer for all time. A book which, little by little, let me into the secrets of an amazingly picturesque country. A book which I could never have thought would be written: an entrancing book.

It contains everything, and you read it as you might read one of Mrs. Millin's novels. You begin to realise just what the colour problem is, and why some people don't love the Union Jack, and what Rhodes did and did not do, and why Smuts is in Opposition, and what sort of place Johannesburg really is, and why there are strikes. You begin to understand that there are not only "whites" and "blacks" to deal with, and not only "British" and "Dutch." You begin to believe that you must have been living in the Dominion for years, so near to its people and towns and wide spaces does Mrs. Millin bring you.

Coster

MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY

A new photograph of Mr. John Galsworthy, whose latest book, "The Silver Spoon," was published recently. It will, no doubt, prove a further success for the author of "The Forsyte Saga"

Mabel Robey

MR. STACY AUMONIER

A new portrait of the well-known author. His new collection of short stories, "The Baby Grand," has received a warm welcome

Candidly, it is one of the most interesting books of the kind I have ever read. Mrs. Millin may have made mistakes—it seems unlikely—but I do not care. Her point of view may not always please us over here, but it is so delightfully presented that you could never be offended. And everywhere there is that quietly humorous interpretation of the odd things that men do for money or power or—more rarely—for their country.

Should you want a "quiet" book of the kind that is more interesting for the good people to whom it introduces you than for the excitement of its story, I can warmly recommend Mr. E. H. Lacon Watson's new novel, *The Strange Family* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). It is difficult to imagine how this sketch of a little clique of friends in a country village, and later at Cambridge, could have been better done than it is. You come to make friends with them all or perhaps I should make an exception in the case of a certain lordly baronet, though even he may conceivable improve after his marriage. At the end of it all the hero is but just down from Cambridge, so perhaps there may be a sequel. I, for one, certainly hope that there will be.

Pleasures of the Toilet

SOCIAL LIFE and sport sometimes become just a little exacting, a trifle "tedious like a twice-told tale." That is the moment when you do appreciate the qualities of Atkinsons Eau-de-Cologne.

When you have danced a lot, played a more than usually ding-dong day of golf or tennis—you will be amazed how a few drops of Atkinsons in the bath soothe the nerves and renovate your good spirits. . . . . But life is full of "Atkinson moments." After a night in the wagons lits, when weird whistles have disturbed your rest and you have to wash in a basin—think of the luxury and refreshment of a rub down with Atkinsons Eau-de-Cologne.

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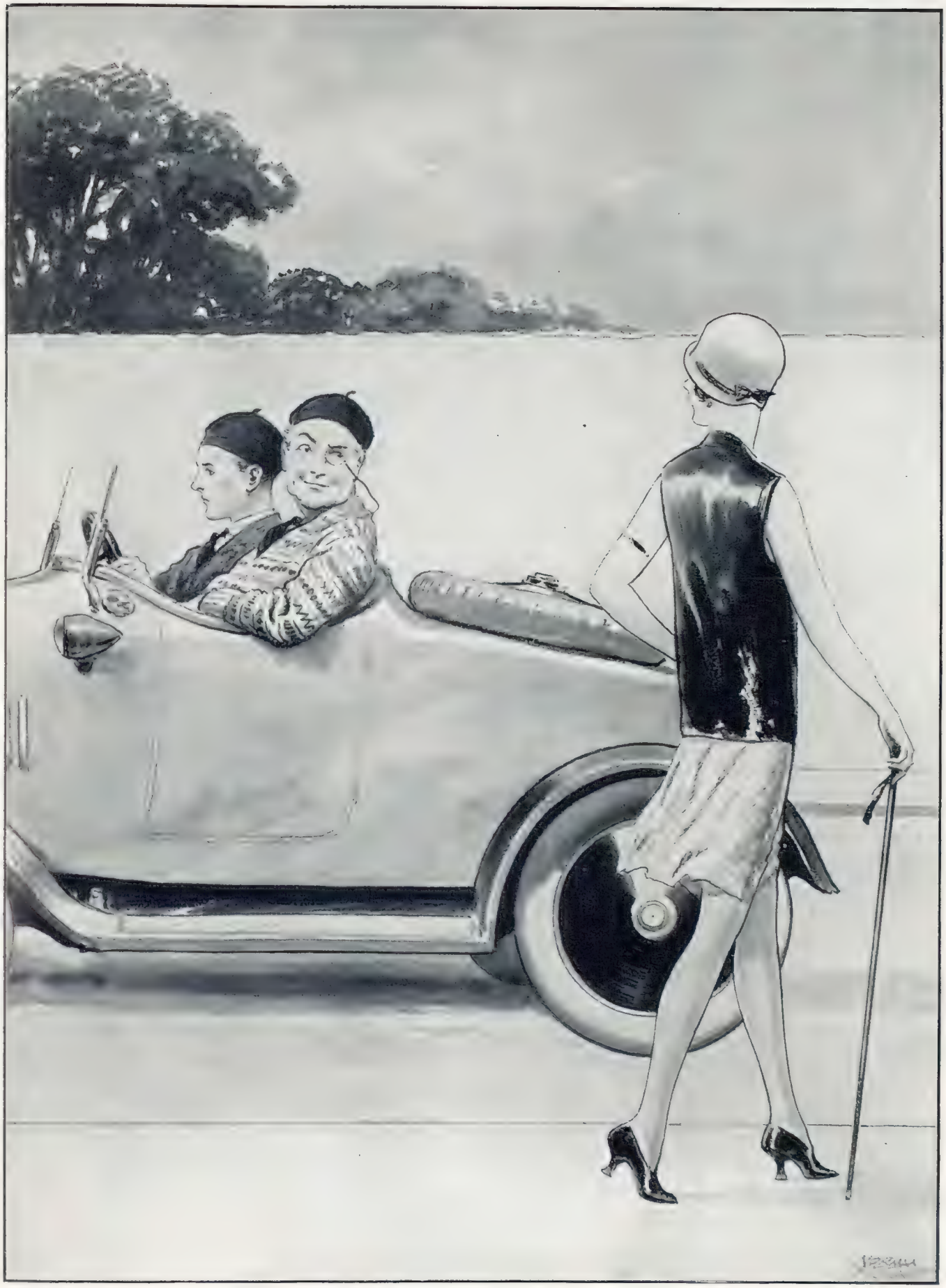
Growing Wild



THE "ELDER BERET" AND THE "PEACH"

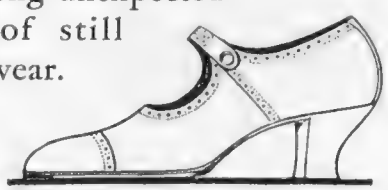
BY NORMAN KEENE

OFFERINGS

Women's shoes have come out into public life. They are always in the light of day and the not less searching light which shines by night. And these Lotus and Delta Shoes are made with this fact ever present before the eye of the maker. They are offerings laid at the feet of the modern woman. She has but to find her own Lotus fit—it is there waiting for her—and she will go forth beautifully and gracefully shod.

And then the mellow seasoned goodness of Lotus and Delta Shoes will give her much grateful comfort and long unexpected stretches of still seemly wear.

DELTA 192 is in Beaver Glace kid, with Louis heel and fitted with Koh-i-noor fastener. Price 22/6



DELTA 152. A smart Black patent leather model, with medium toe and Koh-i-noor fastener. Price 19/9

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AGENTS EVERYWHERE

FEMINA

ROOMS OR PEOPLE?

By MRS. M VINCE

I READ an article the other day called "suiting dress to decoration." It was an article giving advice to women on the choice of colours for their clothes. It sounds a very simple, practical, even prosaic article, and yet it gave me the eerie feeling of being in a world turned upside-down, where human beings had lost their proper place. For it succeeded, at the same time, in giving an almost insane importance to our clothes, and treating ourselves as if we were no more important than the furniture.

"THE right dress against the background of a certain sofa," so the article began, "may be the one thing needed to perfect the colour-scheme of a room." You may feel either flattered or alarmed to find so much importance attached to your clothes. But as a matter of fact you need feel neither. What is wrong with that suggestion is that if a room needs colour to "perfect it" there is no reason why it should not have it—as part of its permanent decorations. There are walls, there are carpets, there are curtains, there are covers, there are pictures, there are cushions—all means of providing colour. Why should the colours of a room remain incomplete until the right woman chances to come into it wearing the right coloured dress?

BUT if any woman is inclined to be flattered at the discovery, on reading that passage, that by the simple act of sitting on a sofa she can "perfect a room," she has only to read a little further to find that this is, in reality, a very doubtful compliment; for the article continues, "With a little thought a woman may become as important a part of the scheme of decoration as a lacquer cabinet or a gold cushion." As important as a piece of furniture! Is it really a compliment to be treated in that way?

SUPPOSING, however, that you accept the idea, and really depend on a visitor coming in with the right sort of dress in order to "perfect the colour-scheme" of your room, why stop there? Why not boldly adopt the idea entire, have no colours in your decorations, leave your walls and furniture and curtains a plain background, and depend entirely on the people to provide the colour? Obviously one could not trust to the uncertain visitor. One would have to depend on the family. If we ever should decorate in this way the large family would become fashionable again.

WE should have envious friends pointing out how easy it is for Lady A, with her six daughters, to have an attractively furnished drawing-room. We should hear of the sorrows of the Hon. Mrs. B, a woman with so much taste but doomed never to have a beautiful home because her family consists entirely of boys. We should have a new version of the tragedy of the childless marriage. Mr. and Mrs. C, who prefer the quiet domestic life, are compelled, being without children of their own, always to have visitors in order to keep their rooms properly furnished. And so on.

THE writer of the article did not, as a matter of fact, follow out this very obvious development of her idea. But she did face one logical conclusion of it, even though that conclusion reduces the idea to an absurdity. "It would," so the article goes on, "be an amusing idea if amateurs of interior decoration kept a supply of suitable clothes for their guests to put on." You see to what our "amateurs of house decoration" would reduce us! In a world in which rooms are the "lords of creation" we human beings are to move about like so many pieces of furniture—pieces of furniture which will be provided with a new loose-cover for each room into which they go.

YET the writer of the article sees no difficulty about this. "Since beautiful clothes worn in beautiful surroundings cannot fail to reflect favourably on the wearer, there is no reason why we should object to our friends using us as splashes of colour." Beautiful as it is to see anyone with such trust in the unselfishness of human nature, I doubt it. I should not mind being one splash of colour, but to be a different splash at every house, to be a sort of human kaleidoscope, that is more than I could possibly bear.

S. Georges

A NEWCOMER TO CABARET

Miss Betty Chester, who is making her first appearance in cabaret this week. She is in the bill at the Café de Paris, in Coventry Street

IT is one of the fallacies of the moment in decoration to treat rooms theatrically, not as places to be lived in at all times and seasons, but to be looked at—as we look at a scene on the stage—only for a short time, and from one point of view. This article on dress and decoration carries that mistake to its final absurdity.

All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players.

But we are not even to be players in this topsy-turvy world where "colour-schemes" are the most important thing. We are to be reduced to the level of stage properties.

Hay Wrightson

MRS. DOUGLAS CLIFTON BROWN

The wife of Major Douglas Clifton Brown, M.P. She is the daughter of Mr. F. E. A. Wollaston, of Shenton Hall, Nuneaton

A Deserving Cause

The authorities of Queen Mary's Hospital for the East End have decided to erect a new block on the site of the old out-patients' department, to accommodate the whole of the office staff, to provide a new Boardroom and Committee Rooms, and to extend the bed accommodation of the hospital by 24 beds. The cost of this undertaking will be some £30,000 to £35,000. Those of our readers who would like to help in this cause are asked to send their contributions to Major Raphael Jackson, Secretary, Queen Mary's Hospital for the East End, Stratford, E.15.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

BRIDGE FRIENDSHIPS

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

DOES Bridge conduce to friendships? Do you make many new friends at the Bridge table—friends whom otherwise you would not make? I wonder. Writing over fifty years ago his famous "Treatise on Whist," James Clay dedicated it to the members of the Portland Club—"among whom," he wrote, "admitted as a boy, I have passed many of the pleasantest days of my life. I have learned what little I know of Whist and have formed many of my oldest friendships."

This is very charming and really quite touching. It seems to me to reflect an old-world spirit and to belong to an age that is past—a more leisurely, courteous, and better-mannered age.

I wonder how many of us in these days make friends of our card acquaintances? Very few, I imagine. They are rather like "ships that pass in the night." We play Bridge with them, occasionally lunch or dine with them, but that is all.

. . . . . .

If we like them and become friendly with them it is not because they play Bridge well. It is because of other qualities we find in them and other interests we share. Bridge is not really a bond of union. Most of the people with whom we play regularly day after day are to us mere shadows. Often we play with them for years without even knowing their names or wanting to know them.

The fact is, Bridge does not make for intimacy. It is not like open-air sports or games or dancing. You don't necessarily like a man because he is a good Bridge player. More often than not Bridge arouses a sensation of mild hostility, veiled or not according to the politeness of the company you keep.

I have never yet heard of a man falling in love with a woman because of her adorable ways at the card table, although it is quite a common occurrence to fall in love temporarily or permanently with a dance partner whose step is perfectly attuned to one's own.

. . . . . .

Cavendish, another famous Whist player, considered that the green cloth lays bare a man's true character.

"I am happy to think," he wrote, "that I have formed many most sincere and lasting friendships at the card table. And it has been my privilege to know the fine feeling and the sterling good qualities of my play friends to a degree which would have been seldom possible in the case of others; for they were revealed to me in the card room, which is the very Castle of Truth for those who choose to frequent it with their eyes and ears open."

I am inclined to think, then, that Bridge is a much less friendly game than Whist, that it does not really produce intimacy. Granted that you meet many charming people at the card table, you regard them as charming not because they play Bridge, but in spite of it.

. . . . . .

The fact is that Auction Bridge as now played has lost those finer elements of partnership and team-work which made Whist so delightful and so sociable a game. To play in perfect unison with a partner, to bring off a coup in attack or defence, was bound to engender a kind of sympathy which is rare in Bridge. It is difficult to feel fond of a partner who always makes you Dummy and often murders your hand. It is impossible to combine with a player who thinks only of his own cards in bidding, and who has no idea of partnership when playing in the defence.

Yes, I have come to the conclusion that Auction Bridge is a selfish game, and as we are all more or less selfish and egoists—most of us more and not less—that is the reason of its extraordinary and ever-increasing popularity. It tests friendships, but it seldom creates them.

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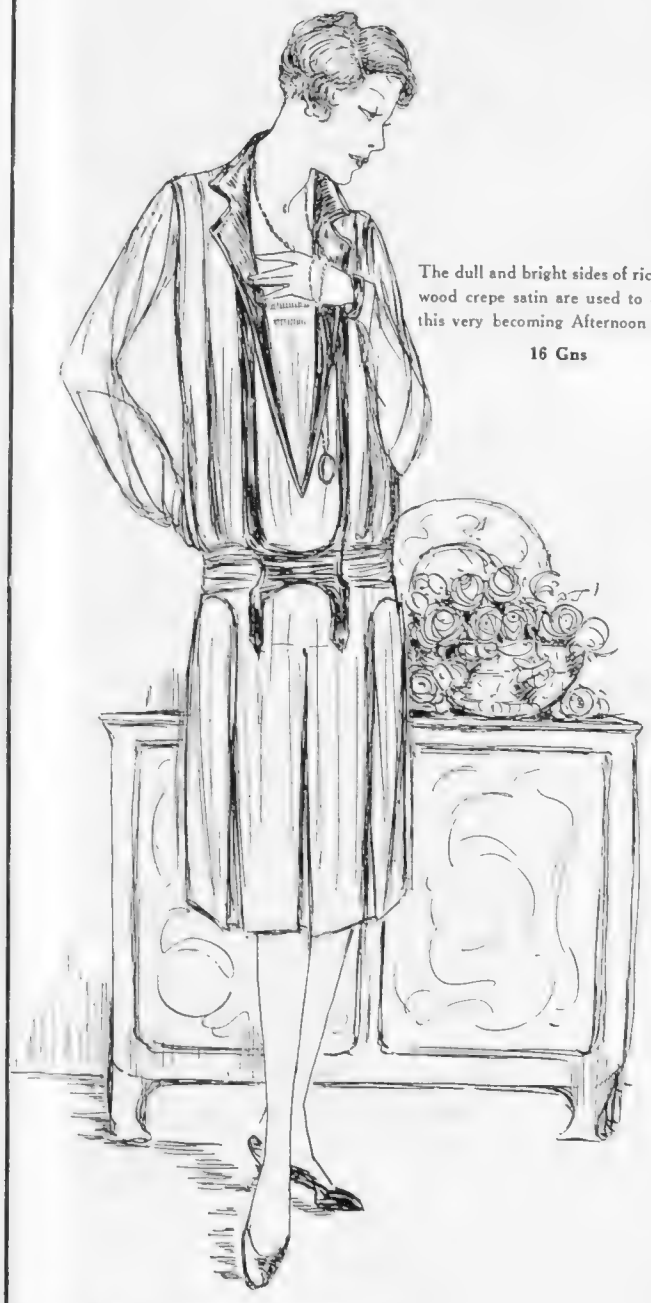

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THE DOG NUISANCE

MISPLACED SYMPATHY

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THIS day week—the 29th—brings the biggest Doggy event of the year: the Kennel Club's sixty-fifth annual Show, at the Crystal Palace.

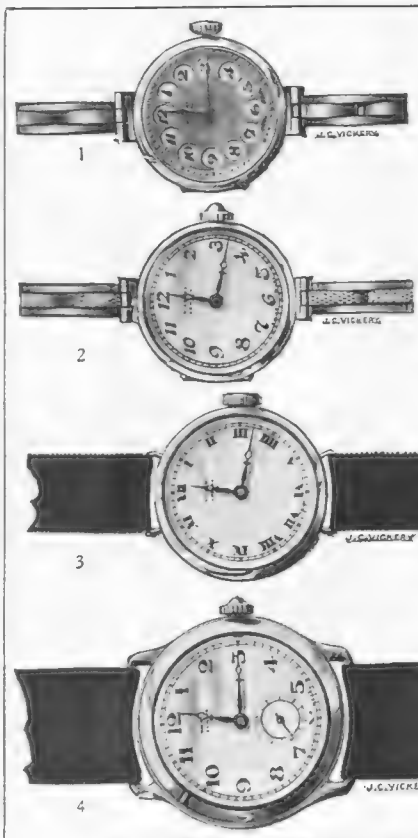
There are types of grouchers for whom children and Dogs are nuisances, sport barbarity, dancing immoral, and wine and cards certain passports to Gehenna. The existence of lunatics does not excuse anyone who permits or causes an unnecessary nuisance.

Now it is undeniable that there are one or two ways in which even Dogs—naturally among the most agreeable folk in the world—can be and are a nuisance. The point is they never want to be a nuisance, and when they are, the fault is almost invariably with their human associates; not with themselves. It is the Dogs who are blamed, however; and they, in common with all the thousands of humans who *do* know how to care for and educate their canine friends properly, suffer a loss of prestige every time such blame is meted out.

"The Kennelman" is asked to extend sympathy, even to voice protest, in the matter of a lady who was recently summoned and fined for "allowing a Dog to commit a nuisance." The policeman's evidence was that he saw the lady holding a Dog on a lead in the middle of the pavement, and allowing this public footway to be fouled. Asked if aware that she was guilty of an offence, she was said to have replied: "Nonsense!" Well, so far from extending sympathy, "The Kennelman" can only say that had he been judge the modest fine imposed would have been doubled because the Dog was on a lead at the time, and trebled because of that word "Nonsense!" He would like to see a similar by-law enforced in every town in the Kingdom. The predisposition of nearly all decently bred Dogs towards decency and considerate behaviour is very marked, and "The Kennelman" knows from personal experience that, rightly tackled—preferably in puppyhood, of course—it is the simplest thing to teach them to respect all such places as pavements, *even when running loose.* The gutter is always at hand. The Dog-keeper who neglects such elements of canine upbringing displays ill-breeding, not in his Dogs, but in himself, and want of decent consideration for the commonweal.

The Dog who persistently barks or howls during what should be the silent watches of the night, who rushes out yapping at the heels of cyclists, or who carries about insects, evil odours, or the germs of disease, is truly a public nuisance. Not that he can help it, poor chap! As a Dog-keeper and a lover of Dogs, "The Kennelman" is far from feeling the smallest sympathy for any owner who is summoned and penalised in this connection. On the contrary, he would like to see the laws tightened up, and far more strictly enforced. And so, if they knew anything about it, would all the Dogs in the land. Night howling means human neglect or cruelty in the matter of the provision of proper food and accommodation. The chasing of cyclists is occasionally due to actual teaching, of an evil sort; more generally, to unfair neglect of elementary education. The other sort of nuisance mentioned is, of course, the outcome of forms of human neglect amounting to actual cruelty, in the grooming, housing and feeding.

Our Dogs in this country are the finest in the world, and, upon the whole, the happiest. Their happiness is based in the main upon two factors: their high prestige, and our British fondness for them. Both are weakened and threatened wherever Dogs are allowed to be a nuisance. Hence the neglectful Dog-keeper is an enemy of Dogdom and should be treated as such.



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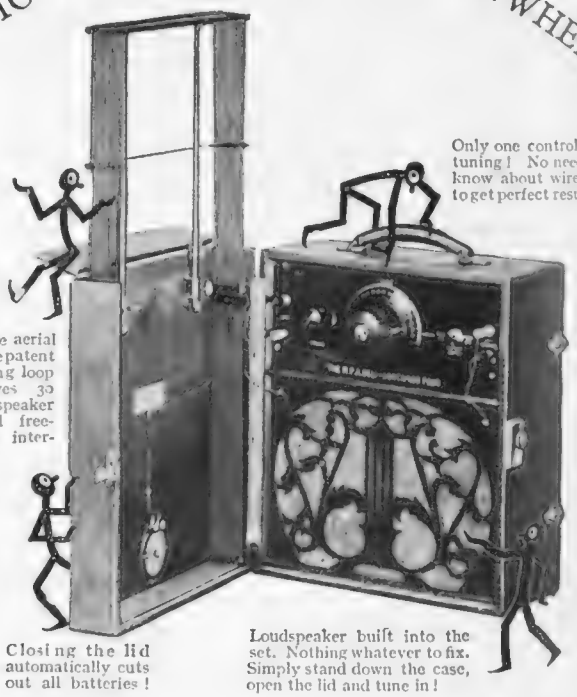

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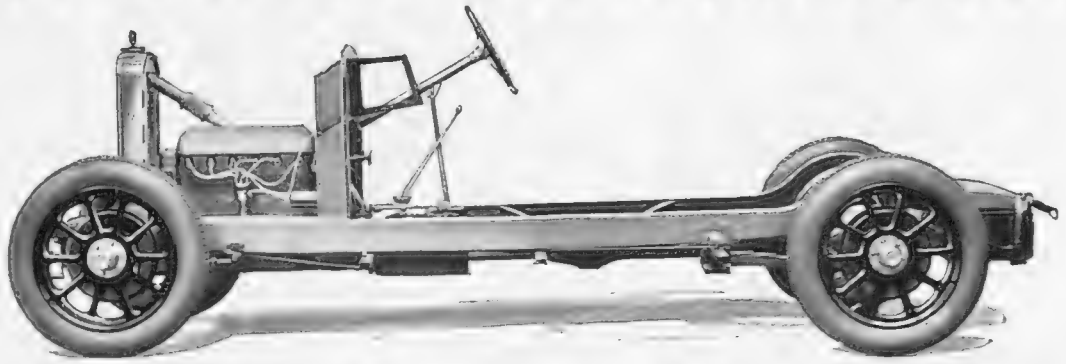

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The Frame.

Massive in appearance and a giant in strength, yet sufficiently light in weight not to impair the liveliness of the car. Bodywork on this frame will last years of hard wear and will not develop noises.

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61 m/m × 95 m/m stroke. Tax £14. A perfectly finished, immensely powerful and smooth-running unit. Four-bearing crankshaft machined all over. Special balanced valve gear. Thermo-syphon cooling of new design, fan incorporated in fly-wheel and radiator mounted on engine instead of frame. Lubrication is automatic and thoroughly efficient. The oil filter is immediately under the filler cap, on the pressure side of the pump and very accessible. The gearbox is readily detachable: the bottom half of the crank chamber is also separately detachable.

Ignition.

Delco-Remy Coil with automatic control and provision for magneto mounting if substitution or dual ignition is desired.

Carburettor.

Smith five jet with hot spot induction, pipe arranged so that even distribution of gas is made to all cylinders.

Gearbox.

Four speeds and reverse operated right hand through a visible gate with reverse safety catch, constructed in most up-to-date pattern for easy gear changing, long wear and silent running.

Back Axle.

A masterpiece of engineering—maximum strength, minimum weight. Given proper lubrication this axle will stand anything—a large inspection plate enables you to examine it thoroughly at any time.

Brakes.

Operated by foot pedal on all four wheels. No lubrication required, rust impossible. Adjustment by large butterfly nuts. Hand brake on rear wheels.

Transmission.

Exceptionally sturdy. Propeller shaft supported in centre by large ballrace.

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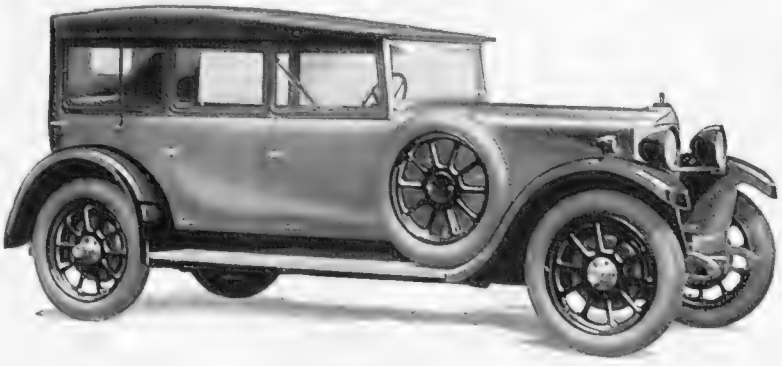
14 gallon tank at back (2 gallons of which are emergency supply), autovac feed.



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The Talbot 6-cylinder 14/45 h.p. Touring Model, with hood and rigid type side curtains erected

£395

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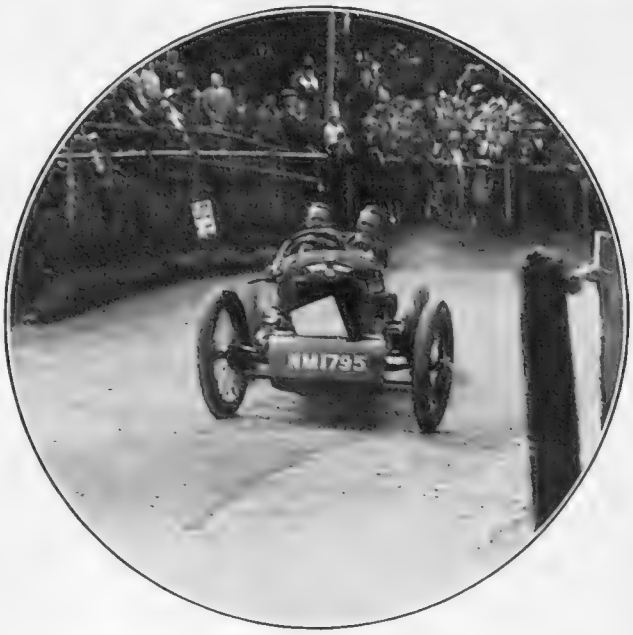

RECORD BREAKING

Raymond Mays, on a 3-litre Vauxhall, winning in the 3,000 c.c. class at Shelsley Walsh. He also broke the old record for the hill

It is sometimes very pleasant to be a motor Press man. I was confirmed in this opinion recently on an occasion when I was the guest of Armstrong Siddeley Motors, Ltd. The company were anxious to demonstrate the capabilities of the latest Eighteen, and adopted a much more pleasant method than the mere issue of invitations to the showrooms or works. The Armstrong Siddeley plan was to invite as many of the motor writers as they could get hold of to be their guests for over twenty-four hours. The whole party was taken in every comfort by train to Leamington, where they were picked up by a fleet of Armstrong Siddeley Eighteens and transported to historic Stratford-on-Avon. There, after a most successful dinner, the various points of the car were explained in a delightfully informal manner, and everyone retired for the night with a very grateful feeling towards their hosts.

***

The next morning the whole party was accommodated in the fleet of cars and was then taken for a most delightful run through the Cotswolds. Every type of running condition was introduced into the route, and thus everyone had first-hand information regarding the performances of the cars, under every condition. So good was the organisation that even the weather could not be improved! Through glorious scenery the long line of cars travelled up hill and down dale, and the run finished up with a perfectly glorious "blind" from Nailsworth to Oxford. The cars performed extremely well, and everyone was afforded an opportunity of taking the wheel himself. I think this is one of the best possible methods which can be employed to demonstrate the capabilities of a car.

***

Practically every post brings me details of 1927 models. In the past few days several new designs and modifications have been announced. Of particular interest among the new models is the new six-cylinder Bean. This is known as the 18-50 h.p., and is notable for the robustness of its construction. It has been designed particularly for overseas work, the makers, Bean Cars, Ltd., being especially interested in export trade. The car has a very generous ground clearance, and should be capable of good service in arduous circumstances. The Bean Fourteen has been considerably modified. The present model is being retained for closed coachwork, and will be known as the "Long Fourteen," but a new model has been introduced known as the "Short Fourteen." This is for open bodies and for a four-door saloon. The new model should be a car of very good performance, as it is considerably lighter than its predecessor, thus the power-rate ratio has been increased. The price of the open car on the new chassis is £295, which is, of course, a most reasonable figure. The popular Bean "Twelve" is retained for 1927 at a reduced price.

18/50 H.P. Crossley SIX CYLINDER

A CAR with a brilliant road performance. Remarkable refinement. Smoothness and silence. Quick acceleration. Splendid top gear climbing. Mechanical perfection.

The 18/50 h.p. Crossley has been tested as but few cars have been tested in the history of motoring. It has quickly taken its place as the ideal British Six.

Built to so high a standard that long life and reliability are inherent qualities. Perfectly finished throughout. One hundred per cent. efficient.

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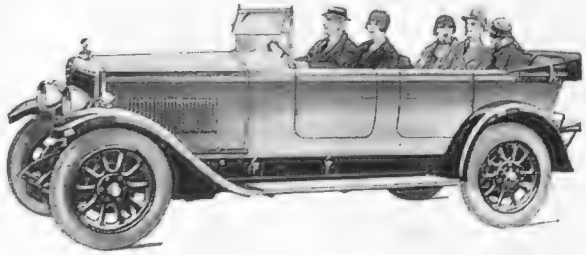

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BEAN 18–50 H.P. 6–CYL.

AN entirely new model with abundant power. Embodies all the best principles of six cyl. design, a chassis of proved reliability and carriage work of exceptional roominess and armchair comfort.

18/50 h.p. 6-cyl. Chassis	£365
18/50 h.p. 6-cyl. 2/3-seater Touring Car	£475
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18/50 h.p. 6-cyl. Landaulette	£650

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AN economical touring car of adequate power and seating accommodation. Comfort, reliability, hill climbing, acceleration and general liveliness are its chief features, but the chassis is not one whit less robust than the Bean is renowned to be.

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THE "LONG FOURTEEN"

THE model which has proved its popularity throughout the world. Embodying the latest refinements and reduced in price. Available with enclosed coachwork as follows :

Long 14 h.p. Chassis	£295
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IN this model the Quality and Equipment have been maintained, the Performance improved, and the Price reduced, making better value than has ever been offered before.

12 h.p. Chassis	£225
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12 h.p. 4-seater Touring Car	£275
12 h.p. 4-door Saloon	£350

THE FAMOUS BEAN 25-CWT. COMMERCIAL VEHICLE—CHASSIS, £280

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A Complete Range of 1927 models is now available for inspection at our London, Manchester, and Dudley Showrooms. Illustrated literature on request.

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AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

FOR 1927 Crossley Motors Ltd. are concentrating on two models only, the 14 h.p. four-cylinder and the 18-50 h.p. six-cylinder. The 14 h.p. model is, of course, well established, and there are no radical departures so far as the chassis is concerned. Among minor refinements may be mentioned the fitting of set-screw adjustable tappets. A good deal of attention has been paid to the question of coachwork, and all touring cars will be upholstered in leather to match the paint. A choice of three colours is available, and the price is £350. The 18-50 h.p. six-cylinder, first introduced at the last Olympia Show, has been delivered to the public for some time. A wider range of bodywork is available for 1927, including a seven-seater touring car at £725. The 1927 models are now available and are similar to those which will be exhibited at the Olympia Motor Show.

***

FOUR most attractive models of the Studebaker car have just been placed on the British market. Of extreme beauty of line, they incorporate innumerable points of interest. The coachwork is of steel, finished in lacquer, with narrow supporting pillars and one-piece moulding around the body. A single panel wind shield is employed, which has the unique feature that it does not interfere with the ventilation of the body even when fully closed. Currents of air can still flow through the bonnet without producing draughts or allowing the admission of rain. The smallest of the four models is the Standard Six custom sedan, priced at £495. There are three new bodies of the Big Six chassis, which is supplied in two lengths, 10ft. and 10ft. 7in. On the shorter chassis there is a five-passenger brougham body, price £665, and on the long chassis there is the seven-passenger "The President" sedan at £755, and "The President" limousine at £10 more. These prices are extremely reasonable when the various features of construction are taken into consideration. The new Studebakers are well worth inspection and trial.

A FRIENDLY CHAT

The new Overland Whippet which has entered the ranks of family touring cars. Acceleration and top gear performance are features of this new model, the price of which is £210

***

THE latest 25 h.p. Sunbeam is an exceptionally fine car. I covered over 100 miles in one of these cars recently, and was really surprised at the smooth and effortless running of the car, combined with an unusually powerful engine. The car in question was an enclosed limousine, weighing, naturally, a considerable amount, but the power developed by the engine is sufficient to give a very fine road performance. An outstanding feature of the Sunbeam's running is its acceleration, which also suggests excellent hill-climbing powers. An example of the Sunbeam's disregard of hills is afforded by the fact that it climbed Handcross Hill, on the Brighton Road, on top gear. Even with the big closed body a mile a minute could be exceeded on the level, and yet the same gear could be employed for practically all traffic work. The latest 25 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam is really an achievement.

GEORGE C. STEAD.

In this little scene, Adrian van Ostade shows an old Dutch game in progress, with Bols quite rightly in the foreground.

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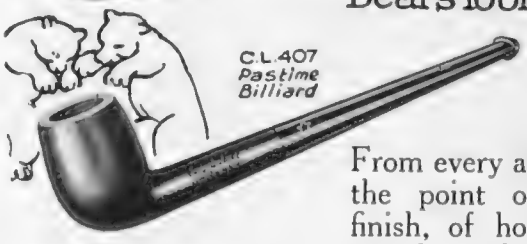

From every angle—from the point of view of finish, of honest workmanship, of cool smoking, of balance, of value, of price, of everything desirable you look for in a pipe

A City de Luxe

Bears looking into

a City de Luxe

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OPPENHEIMERS

5/6

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COUNTRY LIFE, July 24th, 1926

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No. 1,188—Vol. XCI. Wednesday, September 22, 1926 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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Patent Lizard Skin Shoe (*as sketch*). LXV. heel.

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Also in apricot colour glace kid.

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MODEL H.70. 45/9

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Every Woman

knows that conspicuous growths of superfluous hair rob her of daintiness and invite critical and unwelcome glances. But how to get rid of such hair is still a perplexing problem for many. Razors only cause the hair to grow faster and thicker each time they are used. On the other hand ordinary depilatories have objectionable features well known to every woman who has tried them. Three million women have found a satisfactory solution to this intimate problem by using Veet; this perfumed velvety cream removes hair as if by magic. Whereas razors and ordinary depilatories merely remove hair *above* the skin surface, Veet melts the hair away *beneath* it. You simply spread Veet on as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off and the hair is gone. Satisfactory results are guaranteed in every case or money is refunded. Veet may be obtained for 3/- and 1/6 at chemists, hairdressers, and stores. FREE TRIAL OFFER: Send 6d. in stamps to cover postage and packing, and a sample tube of Veet will be sent in plain wrapper by Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 497 D), 68, Bolsover Street, London, W.1.

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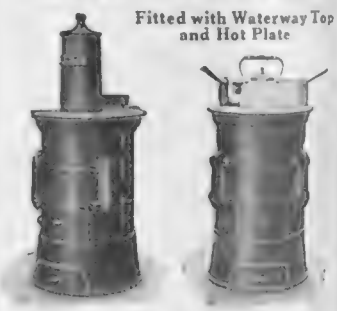
REMOVES HAIR

3/- & 1/6 Everywhere

"The WENTWORTH" BOILER

Fitted with Waterway Top and Hot Plate



Boiler fitted with removable Top Feeder for keeping in all night.

Boiler with Top Feeder removed and plug inserted for use in cooking and boiling.

For GARAGE & GREENHOUSE HEATING

(As particulars below)

This Boiler is suitable for Central Heating, and providing Hot Water for Domestic Purposes. The top of Boiler is fitted with a Hot Plate, or Hob, which is very effective for boiling and simple cooking operations.

Size of Boiler.	Capacity in 4in. Pipes Lineal. ft.	Tapping.	Diam. of Smoke Pipe.	Price exclusive of Smoke Pipe.
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GREENHOUSE.	ft.	ft.	ft.	GARAGE.	ft.	ft.	ft.
No. 4 Boiler,	12	× 44	× 8	No. 4 Boiler,	35	× 40	× 10
,, 5 ,,	12	× 48	× 8	,, 5 ,,	40	× 40	× 10
,, 6 ,,	12	× 56	× 8	,, 6 ,,	40	× 45	× 10
,, 7 ,,	12	× 64	× 8	,, 7 ,,	45	× 45	× 10

Or same cubical contents.

NEWTON CHAMBERS & CO. LTD.

THORNCLIFFE IRON WORKS, near SHEFFIELD

Telegrams "Newton, Sheffield." Estab. 1793 *Telephone* Ecclesfield 71 & 72.

Satisfaction!

Every time you light up

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GOLD FLAKE

CIGARETTES

WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS

10 *for* 6D. 20 *for* 1/-

W.D. & H.O. WILLS, BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD.

W. 247

Grey Hair

The survival of the supreme beauty of the feminine hair, its colour and its qualities of texture is no longer unusual.

It is due to Inecto that GREYNESS is recognised as an avoidable disadvantage.

After one solitary treatment, of only thirty minutes, Inecto achieves results, which are guaranteed to be permanent.

It has been the experience of the leading hairdressers that Inecto justifies that confidence reposed in it.

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SALONS :

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By Appointment

The Amylyte

This hat presents an entirely new feature in gentlemen's headwear.

It is a bowler hat embodying the comfort, lightness and flexibility of a soft felt

Branches at

8, Castle St., LIVERPOOL. 40, Westmoreland St. DUBLIN.
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Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

SPECIALISTS IN CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

Juvenile Department First Floor

***Coat** in good quality velour, well cut and finished with bright coloured wool embroidery which is repeated in the fringe of the collar. In several new colours. Sizes : 24, 26, 28, and 30 inches*

Price from 94/6

***Hat** as sketch to match*
Price **31/6**

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

INEXPENSIVE BRIDGECOAT IN CHIFFON VELVETEEN

ATTRACTIVE LOUNGE COAT (*as sketch*), made in chiffon velveteen, perfectly cut and finished, two patch pockets. In black, grey, brown, purple, navy, wine, saxe.

PRICE **29/6**

Outsizes 4/- extra.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

Sent on approval

Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

Sports Suits

THE part these have come to play and are likely to continue to play in the modern wardrobe at once accounts for the prolific and varied choice obtaining at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W. The large *salon* exclusively devoted to these outfits is having its resources strained severely at the moment. These *chic* suits and frocks of Milanese wool and silk stockinette and bouclette, etc., being speedily requisitioned for the little season and the useful standby throughout the coming months. The heights to which Milanese suits now aspire may be gathered from the example sketched by our artist, the upper part embroidered and opening over an embroidered waistcoat. Both pleats and embroideries figure conspicuously in stockinette, the latter revealing the fact that it can be finely machine-pleated with impunity—a privilege that distinguished an especially *chic* suit of wine red, comprising a pleated skirt, mounted on to a shapely yoke to keep the hips flat, and a jumper that is charmingly embroidered in old gold and self shades of silk, and completed by the modish balloon sleeves drawn in at the wrist. This model would fit and prove very attractive to quite a large figure.

In a particularly heavy make of Milanese is a stone-coloured frock, the fronts of the skirt box-pleated and set on to a long bodice in scollops that are closely stitched to suggest quilting with pale blue silk, a contrast that is repeated in a cravat tie. Under these new and most resourceful auspices there is, so far as one sees, little to differentiate these particular weaves of stockinette and Milanese from far more closely woven fabrics that have less elasticity. Such, at least, is the impression conveyed by the display at Marshall and Snelgrove's, of a selection that includes many versions of the sleeveless cardigan.

FOR SPORTING OCCASIONS

An attractive suit of Milanese, the upper part embroidered and opening over an embroidered waistcoat. The pleats and embroideries figure conspicuously in stockinette. It is from Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W

Sketches by Betty Nisbet

Coats that are Smart and Serviceable

WITH the return of firmer materials, the best tailoring tactics are in greater demand than ever. Even when applied they were more or less wasted on the many recent loosely woven fabrics that no amount of pressing or persuasion can ever make look really tailored. A quite different story though is now setting in, and among the first to reap the fruits of this is the house of Aquascutum, Regent Street, W., although these people are never actually affected by passing freaks of fashion, preferring to run on their own exclusive lines, providing models that have a name and reputation nothing can assail, and which are as much in request abroad as they are at home, and always held in special favour by Americans. The latter fraternity has fallen in particular for a range of natural camel-fleece coats. These are at once light in weight and yet warm, and perfection itself for steamer service. Just how many have gone across the Atlantic it is impossible to estimate: anyway, sufficient to create a vogue in New York and other American cities. With so many American plays on hand these descriptive titles just slip off the tongue.

More appropriate, perhaps, to autumnal and winter occasion here, in little old England, are the new cape-coats the firm are showing in Aquascutum cloth and tweeds. While in pursuance of their usual custom they are emphasising a particular colour—a new shade of blue that is most seductive. Except for a slightly greyish hue this would be true lapis lazuli, and it is usually overcheck in a darker or paler tone, and promises to make a welcome change from the already insistent wine reds and plums.

The cape-coat can be had either with or without sleeves—though the latter are really superfluous, as the cape is set in at the side-back, and can be, when needed, fastened at the wrist, effectually covering the arms. But this cape just makes all the difference to a streamline coat, as may be judged from the adjoined sketch. It effects an entirely fresh silhouette, and when, as is frequently the case, a fur collar is added, the appearance is much enhanced, and a wrap of all-round useful service provided.

WHEN AUTUMN COMES

A becoming cape-coat from Aquascutum, of Regent Street. Fashioned in a becoming shade of blue cloth or tweed, it can be worn either with or without sleeves

As was hinted in these columns a few months back, the firm of Aquascutum are doing a large and most satisfactory business with their tailored coats and skirts, which are made to order from 10 guineas—a sum that compares most favourably, in view of the fact that the materials, the cut, style, and workmanship are impeccable.

Hats that Conform yet are Still Individual

A NAME to conjure with in the millinery world is that of Henry Heath, 105-109, Oxford Street, W. It is a magnet that draws all women in search of sports headgear, together with that sadly neglected community, the middle-aged. Not only in style but in head fittings are these last remembered and catered for with a zeal that leaves no doubt as to the close interest taken. Those who are

not shingled or shorn, and who require a dignified type of *chapeau,* will appreciate such an effort as is here shown: an elegant, modified picture shape carried out in *bois de rose* velvet, with uncurled ostrich tuft at one side. The whole line of the model is delightful, the stiff brim shortening at the back where it rolls up, the high crown taking a downward slope at one side, and being draped in firm set folds. In weight this hat is as light as a fine fur felt; an essential that is almost a fetish with Henry Heath, and only obtainable through the employment of the best quality materials and expert workmanship.

Velours, as all are pretty well aware at this date, are an accepted feature of the season, some so fined down and softened that they are scarcely distinguishable as velours; a notably lovely satin quality fashions the smart example illustrated, the pronouncedly high crown dented down at a becoming angle, and the cut, flexible brim rolled up in debonair manner at one side and the back, this boasting for sole decoration a very heavy corded ribbon band in tone. It is a hat that conforms to the very latest edicts. At the same time, while dealing with all that the leading milliners dictate, this firm see no reason why they should neglect—indeed, the constant demands leave them no choice—the simple little pull-on felts. In these there is, if anything, a more exhaustive choice than ever. The "Iseult," one of the best-sellers, has a round crown and coal-scuttle brim turned up at the back. Built of the best fur felt, bound and trimmed Petersham ribbon, the price in all the approved season's colours is 30*s.* The "Snap," a model that appeals persuasively in black felt, has some unique folds arranged in the crown, and is completed by a flexible brim. A great success also is the new "Erica," made of specially selected fur felt, and suitable for sports wear or ordinary informal occasions. This, together with the "Sans Souci," is rather larger than the majority, and sets comfortably and firmly on the head. The "Bretonne," representing an original variation of the sailor or Spanish style so much in vogue, is a compact neat shape that is generally becoming.

THE CHARM OF THE VELOUR

Two new and distinctive models in velour hats. They are among the many to be seen at Messrs. Henry Heath's, of 105-109, Oxford Street, W.

Sketches by Helen Havers

On Dancing

A little book, "Dancing Through the Ages," has just reached me from the Empress Rooms, Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington, and very entertaining I have found it. Illustrated by Hynes and Leo, it deals very briefly, and *far* from seriously, with what the Victorian writers were pleased to term "The Terpsichorean Art." After skimming lightly over the Bronze, Middle and Late Victorian Ages, we learn something of how and where the Adams and Eves of to-day can disport themselves in the coming season. At the Empress Rooms there are tea dances every afternoon, evening dances every night, with late nights three times a week. Everyone who has ever visited

(*Continued on page* x)

By Appointment

The Luxury Soap of the World

YARDLEY'S
Old English
LAVENDER SOAP

MOST luxurious of all fine quality Toilet Soaps, it has been used by the woman of fashion for many generations.

Made of superfine quality materials, it refines and purifies the skin and delicately scents it with which it is so lavishly perfumed.

BOX OF THREE LARGE TABLETS 3/-

Of all Chemists Coiffeurs and Stores and from

YARDLEY
8 New Bond Street
LONDON

PARIS
24 *Avenue de l'Opéra*

"De Reszke, —of course"

You can't remove what never was there

"What is there about these De Reszkes that makes them so different? Of course, there's the famous name, but—"

"But you can't taste *that*. No, child, it's the tobacco that's in them. Have you heard tell of all the sand that has to be extracted from some tobaccos to make them fit to smoke? Well there's *no* sand to be extracted from De Reszke tobacco. Only the choice middle leaves near the top of the plant are used—and these don't get sand-blown as do the cheap, lower leaves and are of infinitely better quality. Now you know!"

DE RESZKE

Virginias

TWENTY A SHILLING

Plain or "Ivory"-tipped

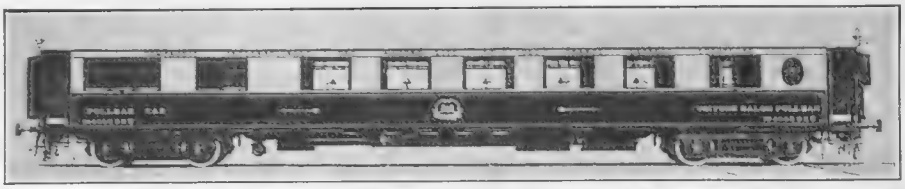
Other De Reszke Cigarettes include *American*, 25 for 1/10; *American de Luxe*, 25 for 2/1; and *Tenor* (Turkish), 25 for 3/2

YOU ARE INVITED TO TRY ANY OF THESE CIGARETTES AS OUR GUEST AT THE DE RESZKE SALON, 86, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1 (J. MILLHOFF & CO. LTD.)

them knows that the floor, band and cuisine are really excellent and—praises be—the prices anything *but* exorbitant.

A Useful Presentation

The White Horse Distillers, Ltd., have made a delightful presentation to the Australian and English Test match cricketers, in the shape of an oak cabinet containing a bottle of White Horse whisky, and divisions fitted to hold cigars, cigarettes, and playing cards, and each cabinet is suitably inscribed. The White Horse Distillers, Ltd., were established as long ago as 1742, and they have large distilleries in Scotland, including the Island of Islay, Craigellachie, Ballindalloch and Kintyre, while the laboratory and registered office are at 217, West George Street, Glasgow, and the London office at 20, St. James's Square. The well-known sign of the "White Horse" of this concern has been familiar to the epicure since the firm was started, and there is certainly no sign of depreciation in the popularity of this fine old whisky.



"THE GOLDEN ARROW"

The exterior and interior of one of the forty new Pullman cars built in Britain for the *de luxe* service between Calais and Paris. A welcome innovation on this train is the examination of passengers' luggage in the cars en route, and not before the train starts as on other services.

A House in the Market

An interesting town house has come into the market following the instructions of the Dowager Lady Michelham to Messrs. Hampton and Sons to dispose of No. 20, Arlington Street. The house, which overlooks and has access to the Green Park, was bought by the late owner from Lord Salisbury. A large sum was expended on alterations, decorations and embellishments, with the result that the house is wonderfully adapted for entertaining, and in such good repair that a purchaser would have little, if anything, to spend. Messrs. Hampton have already been instructed by the Dowager Lady Michelham to sell the art collection formed by her late husband.

Summer in the South.

The problem of the belated holiday has always been a difficult one to solve, but of late years knowledgeable folk have found a very pleasant region in which to spend the last lingering days of summer. This is the French Riviera, a booklet about which we have been reading. It is by M. Maurice Maeterlinck, and entitled "Summer on the Riviera." The booklet may be obtained from the P.L.M. Railway of France, and should certainly be of the greatest interest to prospective holiday-makers, besides providing very real enjoyment for the admirers of this great writer.

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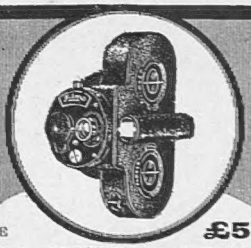

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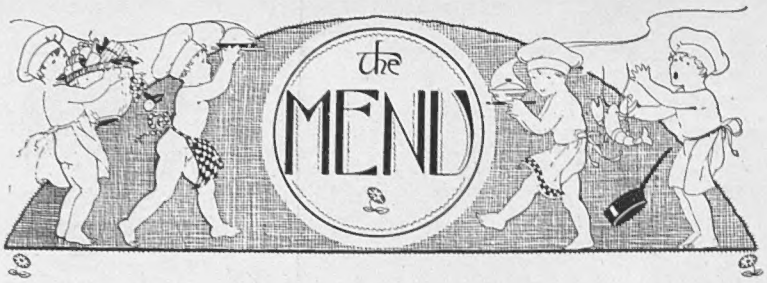

VEGETABLES IN SEASON

French Beans à la Crème.
Tomatoes à la San Francisco.
Vegetable Marrow à l'Italienne.
Cardoons à la Fromage.
Stewed Cardoons.

French Beans à la Crème

The beans must be very young. Boil them in water with a sprig of parsley and some salt. When done, drain in a colander, then put them into a stewpan with 1½ oz. of butter, some chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and just one grate of nutmeg. *Sauté* the beans over the fire for five minutes, and then mix in well with them a liaison of three eggs and the juice of half a lemon. When the liaison has become set, dish them up with fancy fried *croûtons* round them.

Tomatoes à la San Francisco

Peel and core some small round tomatoes, and fill up the insides with three or four anchovies cut very small and stirred in mayonnaise sauce. Have some melted aspic jelly, just beginning to set, in a deep basin; pass with a trussing-needle a piece of string through the top of each tomato, so that you may dip them into the basin of aspic till they are well coated; lay them aside, or on ice, and remove the string when quite cold. Cut hard-boiled eggs in quarters, and place round the tomatoes, and garnish with chopped aspic. This makes a very nice savoury.

Vegetable Marrow à l'Italienne

Take a couple of vegetable marrows as nearly the same size as possible, slice them as thin as a cucumber is sliced, dry them on a cloth, and fry them in very hot butter, dredge with pepper and salt, and serve up on a napkin. The fat must be very hot, as they are done in a minute.

Cardoons à la Fromage

String one or more cardoons, and cut them into pieces an inch long. Stew them in half a pint of claret till quite tender, add 1 oz. of butter rolled in flour, and a little pepper and salt. Put them into a china baking dish, add the juice of an orange, grate 3 oz. of Parmesan cheese over. Brown under the gas grill and serve quickly.

Stewed Cardoons

Take two cardoons, take off the outside leaves, string the white part, and cut them about two inches long; wash them very clean and put them into a stewpan with three-quarters of a pint of veal broth, a glass of white wine, a small bunch of sweet herbs, a little pepper and salt. Cover over and stew gently till tender, then add a piece of butter rolled in flour, and boil gently till it becomes the proper consistency; add the juice of half a lemon and dish up.

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